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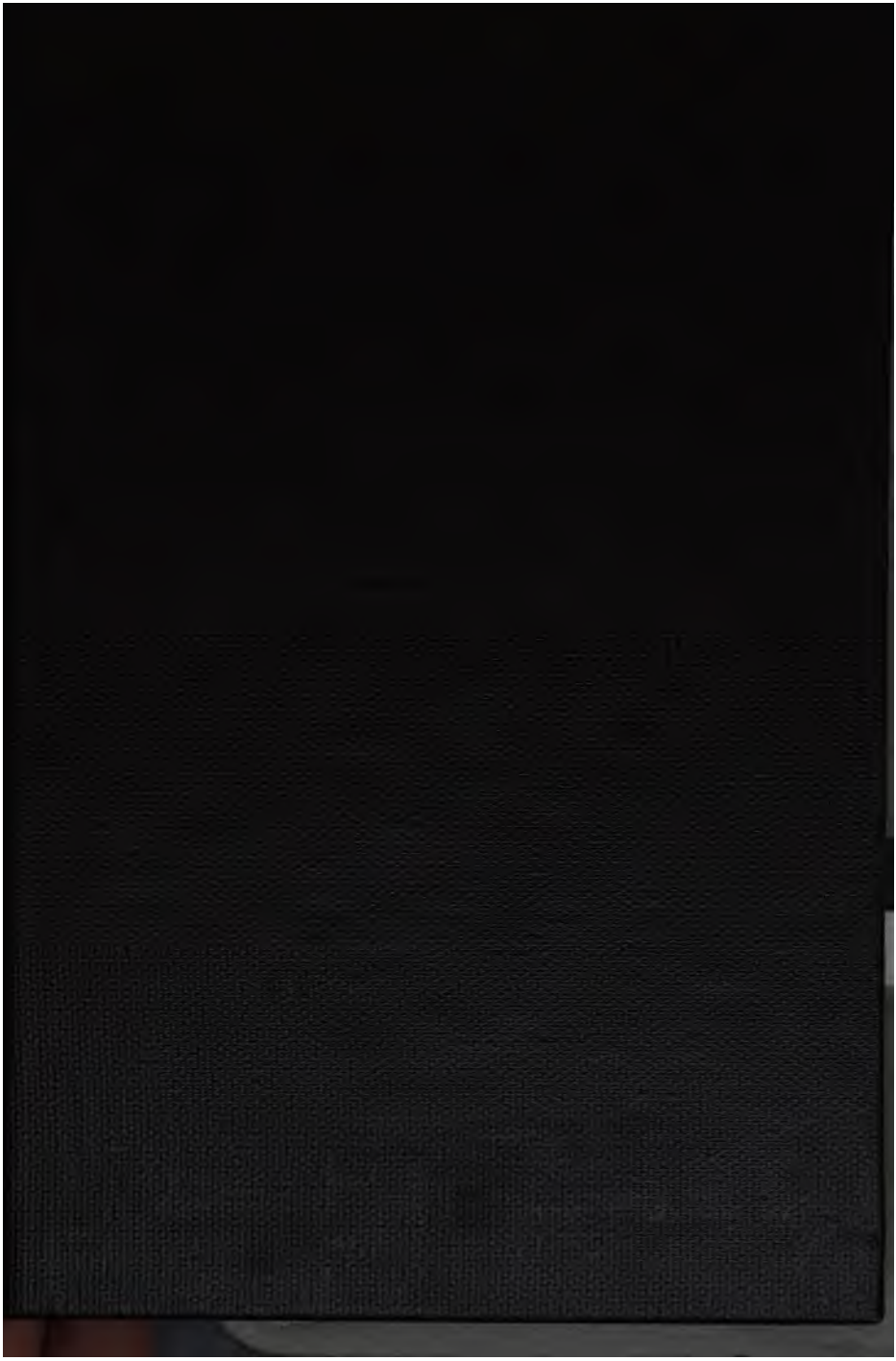

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ALMA WHITE

MY TRIP TO THE ORIENT

By ALMA WHITE, A. B.

AUTHOR OF

Looking Back from Beulah (in both English and German), *Gems of Life, Golden Sunbeams, Demons and Tongues, The Chosen People, The New Testament Church* (2 vols.), *The Titanic Tragedy—God Speaking to the Nations, Truth Stranger than Fiction, Why I do not Eat Meat, Restoration of Israel, the Hope of the World, The Story of My Life;* and Editor of the *Pillar of Fire,* the *Good Citizen,* the *Rocky Mountain Pillar of Fire, London Pillar of Fire,* the *British Sentinel,* and the *Occidental Pillar of Fire.*

PILLAR of FIRE
Zarephath, - New Jersey
1919

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NOTE:—The illustrations on pages 98, 103, 117, 121, 125, 128, 130, 134, 136, 142, 144, 148, 151, 154, 158, 162, 167, 170, 173, 181, 184, 186, were made from photographs obtained from Fr. Vester & Co., Jerusalem.

PREFACE

THERE have been many books written on Egypt and Palestine; and in presenting this volume to the public, it might seem that there is nothing of interest to add to what has been written. But times are rapidly changing, the Scriptures are being fulfilled; and, as the Gentile Age draws to a close, new conditions confront us, facts concerning which I have tried to present in a simple, clear, and forceful manner.

The Gentile Church has about accomplished its mission; and the Hebrew race, God's ancient people, must accept Christ, and under the new covenant assume the responsibility of dispensing the Gospel to the nations. Before this can be done, a remnant of Israel must possess their patrimony, which has been trodden down and held by aliens for more than two thousand years.

My Trip to the Orient presents the land as it is today under the loosening grasp of the Islam power. The sons of Ishmael are aware that Israel is fast gaining a foothold in the Holy Land, and that their own power is waning; and many of them have given up the

fight and are anxious for a change. Poverty and oppression have driven them to this.

I have tried to take my readers over land and sea, and let them participate in the various experiences on this trip, and enjoy the sights and scenes which continually met my vision. It was in the divine plan for me to see the land promised to Abraham and his seed forever, so that by personal experience and observation I might bring light and truth to others.

The Old Testament brims with new life and inspiration, after one has seen Egypt, the land of the Pharaoh's, where God's ancient people were once in bondage. The history of the exodus bridges the flight of ages, and it seems but yesterday since Miriam and Moses sang their song of deliverance on the banks of the Red Sea. THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.—The first edition of *My Trip to the Orient* was so well received that it was soon exhausted, but owing to the fact that a number of other books had to be printed, and because issues were still unsettled in the great war, it was considered best to pospone the publishing of the second edition, which seems now to have been providential. Through the delay, proof has been furnished to statements made in the first edition concerning the restoration of Israel.

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MY TRIP TO THE ORIENT

CHAPTER I

FROM LONDON TO MARSEILLES

MANY years ago, when engaged in missionary work in Montana, without having had any previous thought or desire to go, the Lord made it known to me that some day I should visit the ancient places, in Egypt and Palestine, not as a mere sight-seer, but in the interest of His work and kingdom. Since this time, God's word on the restoration of Israel has been vividly unfolded to me; and I see a great future for that country, after a remnant of the wandering sons of Jacob have been gathered home.

Having learned that the divine plan for the conversion and reconstruction of the world can be brought about only through the restoration of God's ancient people, and also the part the members of the true Church have to perform in bringing it to pass, naturally my

interest in them was increased many fold.

After thirteen years of waiting, the way opened for me to go, and I started, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wolfram, my niece and nephew. The trip was full of interest from beginning to end. The angel of the Lord went with us, protecting us from danger on both sea and land. My heart thrilled with inspiration as I looked upon the ancient places, and from interpreters, guides, and others, heard the history in connection with them, which has been so often repeated.

I stood at the doorways of temples and tombs, much as the sisters of Lazarus did, who wept over their deceased brother (John 11). There were times when I could not restrain the tears, and wept, but not as one without hope, for the Master stood beside me, giving me the assurance that Israel, of whom Lazarus is a type, will yet be resurrected from their spiritual graves, and that the land so long desolate will blossom as the rose. All things seemed to be propitious for the marvelous transition that is soon to come. I thought of Jeremiah 23: 7-8: "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of

Israel out of the land of Egypt; But, The Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country,* and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land." Their deliverance from Egyptian bondage will be so insignificant in comparison to their future regathering, it will scarcely be mentioned.

Those who visit the Holy Land at the present time hear nothing of the future of Israel,—their time is taken up with rehearsals of the past. They look into the graves of the dead, and fail to comprehend Israel's glorious resurrection. The time is coming when it will no more be said, "This is Bethlehem, the place where Christ was born," or, "The mountain where they crucified Him," or, "The Via Dolorosa," or, "The tomb where they laid Him," but, "This is the Mount of His appearing, where He descended on the clouds of His glory, accompanied by redeemed saints and the angelic hosts."

At 8:45 p. m., January 17, 1911, our party took the train at Victoria Station, London, for New Haven, crossing the English Channel on a French steamer in the night. During the

* Russia. The great war has brought this about.

voyage of about three hours, we suffered greatly from the cold, as French and English steamships are poorly heated. But there was a decided change awaiting us at Dieppe, France, where we were soon seated in a comfortably-heated railway carriage. About eight o'clock the next morning we reached Paris.

The people here, of course, were of strange speech, and we found it quite difficult to make ourselves understood; but every Gospel worker should have an experience of this kind to increase his charity for others under similar circumstances.

In my travels and work of the Gospel in the United States and England, I had met people of all nationalities; and among them those who could not speak a word of English, but I was unable to appreciate their embarrassment and the disadvantages under which they were placed in trying to help themselves.

The French were very courteous, and anxious to render us any assistance they could. I felt humiliated when I thought of the selfishness and indifference shown by Americans to foreigners. There was a lady passenger in our carriage who spoke both French and English. She rendered us much assistance when

A BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE, PARIS

our baggage was inspected, which we greatly appreciated.

At Paris we met Cook's representative, who gave us much needed information. Our party then rode several miles across the city in a taxicab for three francs (sixty cents), besides, we had six pieces of baggage, all included in the price. The French have said and written much about the exorbitant charges of carriage and hack drivers in the United States; and it is not to be wondered at.

In the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Depot, we spent a few hours, occupying the time in writing to our friends. The room, in some respects, resembled the drawing-room of an American hotel. On the walls there were beautiful landscapes portrayed in colors. The furniture was upholstered in brown leather and the floor stained to correspond; and the room was comfortably heated. After leaving New York in November, we had failed to find any public waiting-room properly heated. The English, especially, seem to ignore modern methods of heating. There is something cheery about the old-fashioned fireplaces, but they are mere makeshifts for comfort.

We arrived at Marseilles, January 19, too

late to reach the *Equateur,* the French ship on which we were booked to sail. This was caused by a mistake being made on the train between Paris and Marseilles. We supposed the conductor would inform us when the train arrived at our destination, but instead of doing so he carried us on, while we were asleep, about two hundred miles through southern France.

When I learned of the mistake, I saw at once that we would be unable to return in time to get the boat; and believing that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose, I determined to make the best of it and find out what God had in it for us.

At Cannes, we took the train back to Marseilles. Cannes is a famous winter resort, close to the foothills of the Alps. The scenery along the Mediterranean far exceeds description. The sun shone brightly, with no smoke or fog to obscure the vision. I was not expecting a trip like this, but the Lord had a surprise for me.

On reaching the station at Marseilles at 7 p. m., it was with difficulty that we could find any one who could speak even a few words of

English. A middle-aged woman saw our predicament, and said, "Englishman?"

"Yes," was my reply.

She smiled, then hurried away; and brought a person back with her who could speak English. We showed our appreciation for this act of kindness, which greatly pleased her. The person she brought directed us to a hotel where there were several persons with whom we could converse.

In London I observed that some of my American friends found fault with the English accent. I was quite sure they would never do so again, if they were to find themselves in a country where they could not understand the native language.

At Marseilles the atmosphere was bright and clear; and in mid-winter one feels comfortable in the daytime without a fire; and it is well that this is so, for fuel is very expensive; and the poorer classes cannot afford to buy it.

It took an hour in a cafe to get our breakfast. No one could understand what we wanted, but with the assistance of a French book with English equivalents, prepared

for tourists, my niece was able to make the waiters understood what we wanted.

I saw clearly the Lord had let us miss the *Equateur* to give us some experiences among the French people, which we otherwise would have missed; and to convince us of the need of greater efforts to be put forth in the study of languages in our American schools.

As I looked upon the people with their infidelity and skepticism, I had a great desire to put something into their hands to read that would lead them to Christ; and prayed that the way might be opened for my books to be translated into French. Not to have a tract, paper, or book to hand out to them, made me feel that I was withholding bread from those who were perishing. May God hasten the day when our people will be able to feed them from their Gospel storehouses.

We secured apartments on the top floor of the hotel; and lessened expenses by providing some of our meals in our rooms.

Marseilles is one of the great seaports of southern Europe, where ships are docked from all parts of the world. When out in the public thoroughfares, there was much information that we desired, but it was useless to ask ques-

DOCKS AT MARSEILLES

tions. When any of us attempted to do so, a crowd was soon massed about us, seeking to know what was wanted.

The next day after our arrival we looked about, and soon came to the city market, where we were watched with eager eyes, as we wormed our way through the narrow passage-ways. It greatly amused the market-women, when my niece with her camera paused to take a picture of them. These women, who were selling fruits, fowls, and small vegetables, were there with their children, and, apparently, nearly all their belongings.

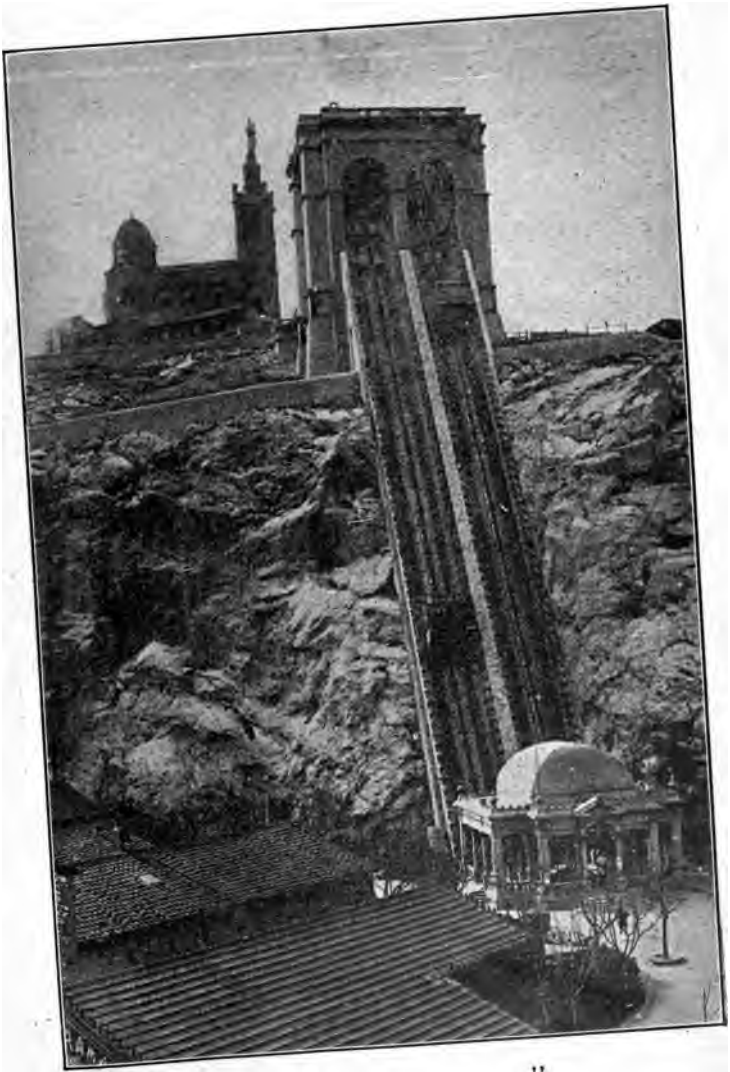
The market was an interesting place. Many profitable hours could have been spent there, studying the habits and customs of the French people. Tourists never fail to visit this market. If one is at all particular as to what he eats in French hotels, restaurants, or on French steamships, he should visit the markets first; and in all probability part of his menu would be eliminated. He would no doubt refuse a diet of flesh. There is also a question as to whether the eggs served are those of hens or reptiles or unclean fowls.

I do not wish to throw any reflection on the French people, whom I admire for their in-

dustry and frugality, but merely to state the facts. Religion has much to do with what people eat. Where they have the spirit of Christ, they are conscientious about their diet; and well they should be: for the Scriptures teach that the human body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. 1 Corinthians 3:17 says, "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." This scripture refers not only to spiritual defilement, but also to that which defiles the body.

We visited the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, which is shown in the accompanying picture. It is situated on an elevation several hundred feet above the city; and is reached by an elevator with great cables running on an incline. While one car is going up, another is making the descent.

From the cathedral, where devout Catholics worship, a fine view of the city and harbor is obtained. There are many interesting things about this place which I have not time and space to describe. Here, all kinds of souvenirs are sold, on which are carved or painted the pictures of the cathedral. Like the images of the Goddess Diana at Ephesus, these souvenirs bring much gain to the city.



THE "ANGEL'S FLIGHT"

On the interior of the great structure there are hundreds of candles burning. These candles are bought and placed there by the regular worshipers and the tourists. They told us that the smallest candles sell for a franc (twenty cents) each; and it is surprising how many of them are bought and sacrificed to the virgin goddess.

"Notre Dame" means, "Our Lady," or in other words, the Virgin Mary. There is an immense statue of the Virgin covered with bronze or gold on the top of the building.

Near the cathedral are located the barracks of the French soldiers. On different occasions I saw great numbers of the soldiers marching down the steep hill, going toward the harbor. Their uniforms were quite different from those that I had been accustomed to seeing.

Most of the men, including the police, were of ordinary stature, averaging about 5 feet, 8 inches in height. Frenchmen in uniform lack dignity in their appearance; and do not command the respect or fear that the English do. The high hats and long coats of the English police give them a commanding appearance. Strangers are impressed with their

official bearing, and cannot help but respect them.

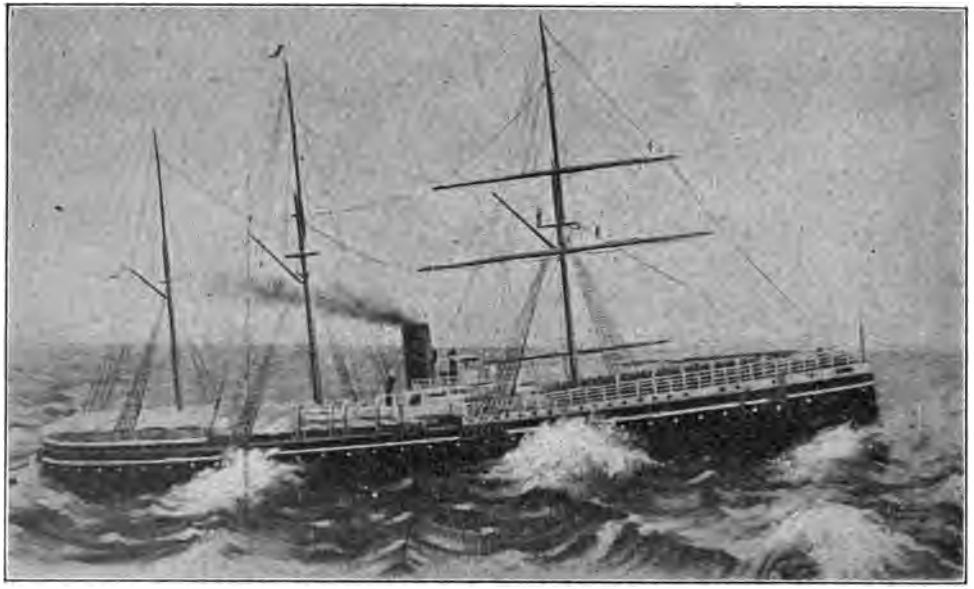
The streets and sidewalks in France were lined with men and women drinking wine at small tables. The men wear goatees with the ends of their mustaches curled upward. They sip their wine very slowly, taking as much time to drink a small glass as some people would take at an afternoon tea. However, I saw no one intoxicated. The liquor curse is far greater in England than in France.

Tobacco is used freely in some form by both men and women. Men and stylishly attired women drink and smoke together.

CHAPTER II

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

WE left Marseilles January 26, for Alexandria, Egypt. We spent the afternoon on deck, and were delighted with the scenery along the coast of southern France. During the first four days of the voyage, we were out of sight of land only one day. Our ship was one of the old vessels of the Messageries Line used in the Mediterranean trade in the winter, and later in the season used in the West African service. The members of the crew were old, experienced sailors. After sailing the seas for many years, men often become self-confident, and passengers are sometimes safer in the hands of those who have had less experience. A good captain knows all about his ship, but after she has taken him through many a stormy sea, he is apt to overestimate her strength, and when it is least expected, calamity comes; and thus we are reminded of the scripture that



THE "CONGO"

says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." In starting out on these voyages it is well not to put too much confidence in those who man the vessel. With the Psalmist I can say, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

As we sailed along in full view of the shores of France, I thought of Napoleon, with his great ambition to conquer the world, and have continental Europe, Asia, and Africa in the dust at his feet. The Russians gave him his first great blow, which was followed by the British, and consummated in his final defeat at Waterloo.

Instead of Catholic France holding the metropolitanship of the world, it was transferred to Protestant England. Why did God permit the overthrow of Napoleon? The reason is apparent. Before the French threw off the papal yoke, they were unfit to stand at the head of nations. God saw this and handed the scepter to a Protestant power. The history of Bloody Mary alone, with her hatred of Protestants, tells the story. God will never endorse Roman Catholicism. He wants men enlightened by His word; and free to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

The old Romish Church has always been an enemy of the Bible; and has used all her deceptive arts to keep it out of the hands of her subjects. The priesthood claims the sole right to expound its teachings and to render absolution from sin. When Christ offered himself

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

up to die for the sins of the world, He became our great High Priest, having entered into the Holy of Holies by His own blood; and made atonement once for all. He now sits on the

Mediatorial throne at the right hand of God the Father, making intercession for the purchase of His blood. He alone can forgive sins; and for man to claim this distinction is blasphemy and an attempt to supersede Him.

Rome, with her idolatry and paganistic worship, has received a death-blow in France during the past few years. Only recently many of the nuns had to flee to England and other countries for refuge. Rome's heart has never changed. She may count her beads, say prayers, break bread, and sip her wine, but she can never wipe out her past record. Feigning to worship the true God, she allures and deceives, while she wallows in the mire of her own uncleanness.

May God help the deluded masses to awaken to her subtlety, and put on the armor of truth that they may be able to withstand the fiery darts of the evil one.

My first meal on board the French ship was attended by an unpleasant episode. Wine was served in abundance and without extra charge, the passengers drinking it more freely than water. I endured this the best I could for a time, but after they had finished six courses at my table, and had drunk wine with each

course, cigarettes were passed around; and, both men and women began to smoke. Some of them rose on their tiptoes to light their cigarettes from those of others on the opposite side of the table.

I made a protest; and left the dining room; and did not return to the table for two days; in the meantime refusing every request to have something brought to my stateroom. The rebuke had its effect. The French are very courteous and obliging, but they are continually doing things that are distasteful to those whose moral standard is higher than their own. They converse freely with strangers and take pride in being able to take a joke even though there may be a stinging rebuke in it.

On almost every vessel there is some one who does not differ greatly from a circus clown. He seems to feel that it is his business to furnish amusement for others. A Frenchman of this character was on board the *Congo*. He tried to be clever and to amuse everybody, but often he overstepped the mark and made himself obnoxious. An Englishman at our table pretended to be watching the food very closely. When meat was served he intimated to the clever Frenchman that it was the flesh

of some animal of the canine species; and wondered if the ship's cat were anywhere to be found. The Frenchman took it good-naturedly.

On the morning of the 28th, we were in plain view of Stromboli, a volcano rising out of the sea. The smoke was scarcely distinguishable from the white clouds that hung over the mountain. This volcano is a wonder of creation. I imagined that if it could have spoken it would have told us something of its origin; and especially of the pent-up fires in the earth's interior that had burst forth in bygone ages and caused its formation.

Stromboli stands as a mighty bulwark to warn the people of the fires of perdition. The Scriptures teach that hell is in the center of the earth where the fires are never quenched. Ever and anon God permits red-hot lava to burst forth from burning craters, by which whole cities are destroyed. When the cup of iniquity is full, God's wrath can be no longer restrained.

Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed many centuries ago; and only recently have these cities been uncovered, and the inconceivable iniquity of the people made manifest. Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire

and brimstone; probably from the crater of a volcano.

When nearing the Strait of Messina, there was so much to be seen, it kept the passengers busy going from one side of the vessel to the other. I looked toward the East and saw the rising sun with its rays streaming down through the massive white clouds, and I thought of the city on the hills of gold, the new Jerusalem which is soon coming down. I never realized more keenly the fact that the earth is only a stepping-stone to the world beyond; and how strange it is that people cling to the perishable things of time!

Satan has ever persisted in trying to rule this world, but thanks be to God, the time is near when he will be routed from his strongholds; and Christ, who redeemed it, will transform it and robe it in millennial glory. After the work of redemption has been completed, and the earth has been purged and purified, He will present it to the Father a finished work and deliver up the keys, "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

reign, until he hath put all enemies under his feet" (1 Cor. 15:24-25).

The Captain told me that the *Congo* was not going to touch at any port until she reached Alexandria, but she seemed to be heading straight for land; and I was anxious to see the outcome. She soon entered a narrow strait, where the ruins of Messina on the coast of Sicily were in plain view on our right.

It will be remembered that this city was destroyed by an earthquake about three years before; and there were no visible signs of life in it.

On our left was the coast of Italy. The valleys were dotted with cities while the green hills made a beautiful background. Many times in my childhood, while studying the geography of Europe, I traced the outlines of boot-shaped Italy on a sheet of paper and wondered why it should have been made in this shape. Sicily, its football, is separated from it by only a narrow neck of water; but I thought it would be a lonely place in which to live. Little did I think then that it would ever be my privilege to be on the Mediterranean and to actually pass through this strait. But in the providence of God He brought it to pass.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

The promise to the faithful is that He will do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us" (Eph. 3:20).

"I do not ask to choose my path,
Lord, lead me in Thy way;
Inspire each tho't and prompt each word,
And make me a blessing today.

"Whatever errand Thou hast Lord,
Send me, and I'll obey;
Use me in any way Thou wilt,
And make me a blessing today."

After passing through the strait, we were in full view of Mount Ætna, with great pillars of smoke ascending from its black crater. The scenery on each side of the ship was beautiful beyond description.

It was at least three hours after coming in sight of Mt. Ætna before its snow-covered sides vanished from view. There were a number of persons on board who had seen it many times, who said it never had presented a better appearance.

The sea-gulls followed the ship all the way; wearying us with their cries. At times they would dart down and almost light on our heads. There was not much food being thrown

overboard and they were very hungry. From English vessels there are always great quantities of food thrown overboard, but the French have learned the lesson of economy, and no such waste is seen.

On our left we passed the Isle of Crete, where Paul touched on his way to Rome.

CHAPTER III

THE CITY OF CAIRO

WE reached Alexandria, January 31. My first sight of the harbor and the continent made me feel much as I did when I saw the ocean for the first time at the mouth of the Columbia River. Words are inadequate to express one's feelings on such occasions. It was a great surprise to see so many vessels anchored in this harbor. They were of every imaginable description and floated the flags of all nations.

The history of Africa, the Dark Continent, has been that of bloody crimes. Scarcely anything has been known of its interior until the past few years. David Livingstone, who pioneered the way into its interior, is looked upon as one of the greatest heroes of whom we have any record. Yet there are no people in the world whose history is traceable to such a remote period as that of the Egyptians. There was civilization in Egypt be-

EGYPTIAN WATER CARRIERS

fore the patriarchal age. The sons of Ham, the "children of the flesh," populated Africa, which undoubtedly accounts for its present uncivilized condition.

God pronounced a curse upon Ham and His posterity because of Ham's lack of modesty and virtue. He said, "Cursed be Canaan (Ham) a servant of servants shall he be."

During the time the *Congo* lay out in the bay before we disembarked, her decks were overrun with the natives coming out in quest of luggage and passengers. They were like so many scavengers in their desperation for patronage. Many of them spoke a few words of English and French and showed their credentials. But even then, we were afraid to trust them, and waited for Cook's representatives, who charge more, but the better service they render is well worth the difference.

From the Custom House, where our baggage was inspected, we went to the railroad station where the train left for Cairo two hours later. Our transfer cost twenty piasters ($1) each, including baggage. This also included the small sum for the Custom Officer and fees to the natives who handled the baggage.

When the train pulled out of the station, we were soon in the delta of the Nile; and I began to realize for the first time that I was actually in Egypt. The history of the children of Israel, as given in the book of Exodus, came to me anew. I thought of Moses in the basket in the bulrushes, and how, later, through God's judgments, the river was turned to blood. One can imagine how my heart was thrilled to be actually looking upon the placid waters of the Nile, dotted all over with sail-boats, small steamers, and rough, Egyptian barks.

Green fields with herds and flocks everywhere greeted our vision. The natives were seen traveling on swift donkeys and dromedaries; others of the more nomadic tribes were loitering along the way with their cattle, sheep, and goats. The stately palms towered into the blue sky; and were different in appearance from any I had ever seen before.

The natives, with their flowing robes, came into the railroad carriages (coaches) and took seats beside us. Some of them were gorgeously attired. The bright red "fez" with its black silk tassel is the prevailing head-dress,

THE NILE RIVER

though different colored turbans are seen, the latter indicating their religious station.

They smoked their cigarettes and eyed us closely, but withal, they were friendly and tried to make themselves agreeable; and true to Egyptian hospitality, they offered us something to eat. One person made us understand that he could speak French, but only a few words of English. He wore a rich broadcloth robe with a silk undergarment and a silk scarf. He looked like a person of superior rank and intelligence. The red "fez" contrasted vividly with his black hair and eyes.

The three hours' ride from Alexandria to Cairo was full of interest. The native villages along the way gave us some idea of how the people live. At every station we were besieged by venders selling their fruits and wares. Four large oranges could be bought for one piaster (5¢).

When we reached the station at Cairo there was a babel of voices from the representatives of the different hotels, natives and Europeans alike persisting in trying to secure patronage. There were at least a half dozen crying in my ears at once, holding their cards so close as to obscure my vision. Others kept

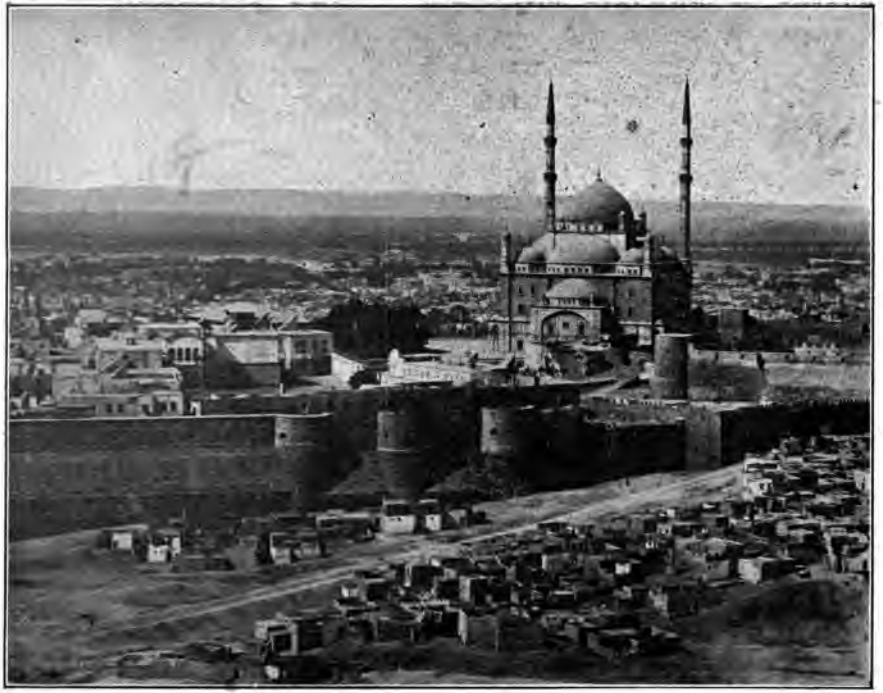
their distance only because there was no room to come nearer. To have made a reply to any of them would have caused greater uproar; and I saw that it was the part of wisdom to keep silent and make my decision.

Soon we were located on the top floor of the Metropole Hotel; and felt that in spite of the confusion, the Lord had directed us to the right place. I felt very much at home in this hotel above the noise and din of the city.

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below,
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

In Egypt, especially in Cairo, there is a great mixture of European and Asiatic blood, the population being composed of as many as ten different elements. While the skins of some are very dark, their hair is as straight and black as that of an American Indian.

The streets are like a kaleidoscope, presenting every color, class, and nationality on the globe. The natives in their peculiar costumes displaying both bright and sombre colors, make a picture never to be forgotten. Many of the higher class natives wear long, rich robes, often sweeping the ground,



CAIRO

and displaying an undergarment of bright-colored satin.

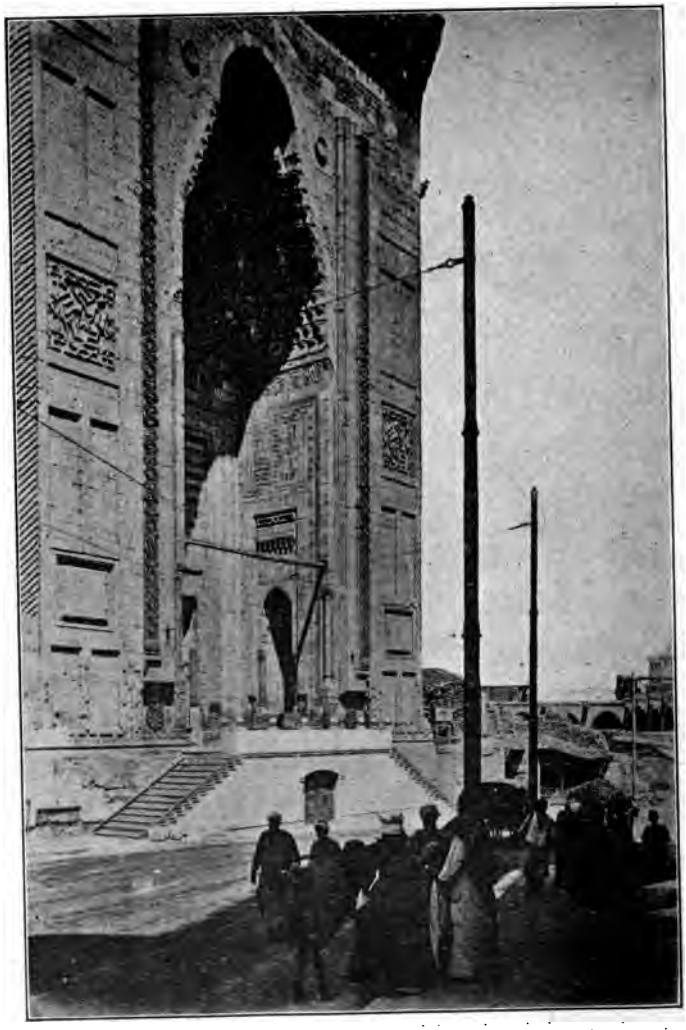
Contrasted with the various costumes and colors of the natives are the rich and fashionably dressed men and women of all civilized lands. There is no other place where such scenes constantly greet the eye. A writer has truly said,

"The street scenes presented by the city of the caliphs, admirably illustrate the whole world of Oriental fiction, producing an indelible impression on the uninitiated denizen of the West."

Cairo is a most fascinating city. It may be compared to a mosaic of the most fantastic, or bizarre description. It is called a living museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of existence, of refinement and degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of Paganism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism.

B. Goltz, in his remarks on Cairo, said,

"In the boulevards of Paris and on London Bridge I saw but the shadow, and at Alexandria the prelude only of the Babel of Cairo, with which the Venetian or Roman Carnival was tame and commonplace."



SULTAN HASSAN MOSQUE

After four o'clock in the afternoon it was almost impossible for us to make our way with facility through the public thoroughfares because of the persistent efforts of the natives to sell their wares. For example, one of these street venders, before he had heard one of us utter a word, accosted me by saying, "How do, Miss America?"

It is a little difficult for them sometimes to distinguish between the Americans and the English, but the more discerning ones can tell, even before they have had an opportunity to hear them speak.

Among the poorer classes there is a continual cry for "backshish."

I never appreciated the Bible more than after seeing Cairo and observing so many kinds of people and religions.

The Mohammedan mosques, with their minarets towering hundreds of feet into the air, are imposing structures of granite and marble. We visited the Sultan Hassan Mosque constructed in A. D., 1357; and stood under its great dome, 150 feet high. On the floor under the center of this dome, is the tomb of the projector and builder of the mosque. It was bombarded and almost de-

stroyed by Napoleon, but has lately been reconstructed at a cost of £150,000 ($750,000).

There were other mosques that far exceeded this one in magnificence and appearance. In the courts of these great structures the male population meet five times a day to pray. There is no furniture or seats of any kind to give an idea of ease or comfort.

Before daylight every morning I was awakened by pious Moslems calling people to prayer. Satan, the prince of this world, knows, as well as do Christians, that in the morning is the best time to pray; and if he can appropriate these hours that should be given to the Lord in true worship, he has waged a mighty battle and carried off the laurels.

One has to see the degradation that comes as the result of heathen worship in order to fully appreciate the Bible. How unprincipled and ignorant are those who live under the domination of the Moslem power! They do not deserve the protection that Great Britain is giving them in Egypt or recognition by the civil powers.

During our stay in Cairo we looked into the caves and watched the gyrations of the howling dervishes; and truly I had never beheld such

THE CAVE OF THE DERVISHES

a scene of religious demonstration. I asked our dragoman what they were trying to do. The answer was, "They are trying to please Allah" (God). Some of them apparently were in a semi-conscious state, and with drooping heads and swinging arms they produced weird sounds that reminded me of the notes of wild birds, or the noises that Indians make in their war-dances.

Some one out of sight was playing an instrument that sounded like a flute. This was used to mark the time they made with their swinging bodies.

When the guide saw my surprise and disgust at the scene, he was somewhat tried; and told me frankly that it was his own religion. There were about 150 persons in the cave all taking part in the performance. They had crept in through narrow passageways in the wall; and some were crouching in the corners with infants in their arms.

Intermingled with the strange noises made by the men were the shrill, hysterical notes of female voices. Some of these notes were like the songs of native birds.

The devil has the power to manipulate the human voice; and when once it is in his pos-

OUR DRAGOMAN, "MOHAMMED ALI," TAKEN NEAR THE CAVE OF THE DERVISHES

session, the sounds produced are much like those of wild birds and animals of the forest. In meetings held by the "Tongues" people there are strange voices and mutterings, characteristic of demon manifestation. This they call Pentecost, especially when a person begins to jabber in a so-called tongue. They say, "He has received his baptism, with the sign of tongues."

Nothing could be more erroneous or diabolical. The dervishes declare they are never so happy as when engaged in this weird fantastical worship. Their god is none other than the devil, who recompenses them for all the sacrifices they make by giving them a superficial and momentary joy or delight, which subsides with the abatement of their physical activities. Here we have the counterfeit of true spirituality.

Hell enlarged herself when the devil succeeded in capturing Mohammed and using him to substitute the Koran for the Bible. This man, the greatest of all the Moslem prophets, heard voices in a cave, and imagined that he was divinely called to propagate true religion. History says that in his early life he received instruction from a Christian monk, which, in

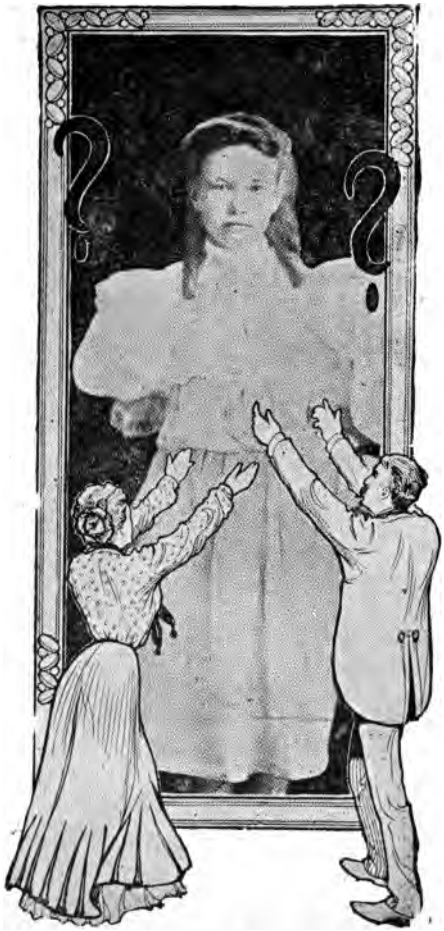
later years, he repudiated.

His former Christian teaching when perverted only made him a more efficient servant for the devil. He is said to have been afflicted with epilepsy, which of course, is a form of demon possession. No doubt he heard voices, but they were the voices of fallen spirits.

Mohammed was a polygamist; and polygamy is the great curse of his followers today. Satan has tried to curse every nation on the globe by introducing polygamy under the name of religion. Mormonism in the United States is the outcome of one of his most successful schemes; and only by the civil and military powers has it been checked and kept under control.

When the devil undertook to destroy the human race, and wrench this world from the hand of Omnipotence, he knew that he could best accomplish it through the practice of polygamy.

The divorce and remarriage evil in the United States, and other countries, is polygamy under a different form; and when I think of the so-called ministers of the Gospel taking part in legalizing such marriages, I wonder at the mercy of God in restraining His wrath.



DIVORCED PARENTS—WHOSE AM I?

Our dragoman said that his father had had four wives and that he himself was the last child of the last wife. One of the four wives had been divorced. Of course he felt no disgrace attached to such family relationships, but even this does not widely differ from the so-called Christian family in civilized lands where there has been a divorce and a remarriage. Children born in such unholy relationships usually have to reap what their parents have sown.

Many years ago, while a Methodist missionary in Utah, I listened to the heart-rending stories of family divisions and quarrels, as related by bigamous children.

In my affiliations with Christian denominations, I have heard stories even more heart-rending, from the lips of children whose parents had been divorced and remarried.

Is there no John the Baptist to stand on the walls of spiritual Zion and cry aloud against the divorce evil? May this cesspool of iniquity be opened up; and those who are guilty look into its ghastly depths and be made to tremble.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS

ON February 3, we went to the Great Pyramids. Our dragoman, whose services had been engaged a few days before, met our party at the Metropole Hotel; and took us across the Nile, over the *Kasr-el-Nil.* This bridge is about 420 yards in length. The buttresses of solid stone are fifty-five yards apart. The bottom of the foundation is forty-five feet below the level of the river when at its lowest.

There are two great lions at each entrance to the bridge, two of which may be seen in the accompanying picture. These lions are very similar to those I saw in Trafalgar Square in London.

If the tourist wishes to study the life of the Egyptian peasantry, he should visit the bridge at an early hour. He will find a picturesque throng bringing their fresh vegetables and wares to market. Camels may be seen with great loads of alfalfa taking up as

THE GREAT NILE BRIDGE

much space as a small haystack. From one to three o'clock in the afternoon, the bridge is closed to traffic; and open to the river crafts which have accumulated and waited many hours. One could spend several hours profitably each day for a week at this bridge.

On reaching the west side of the Nile, we boarded a tram car for the Pyramids. On our right was the famous drive to Gizeh, the name of the small city at the foot of the Pyramids. There is not a more delightful drive in the world than the broad and beautiful avenue leading from Cairo to the Pyramids, constructed thousands of years ago at the entrance of the Great Desert.

I have seen the mansions of the millionaires in the United States, and the palaces of European monarchs, but the marble palaces on this road excel them all.

The avenue is lined with motor cars, carriages, mules, camels, and donkeys, with men and women from every part of the world, fashionably attired, motoring, cycling, or driving. In contrast with the elegant apparel and costly vehicles of the rich are the poorly clad natives with their carts laden with fruits and vegetables.

Here also may be seen the beggar in his rags sitting by the wayside, and the "fellahin" selling his oranges, nuts, and Egyptian bread. When the poor people are unable to procure food, they live on the juice of the Egyptian cane, of which there is a great abundance. Many of them can be seen along the road making a meal on cane stalks.

On reaching Gizeh, at the foot of the Pyramids, we were besieged by natives with their donkeys and dromedaries soliciting our patronage. A dromedary or donkey with his driver could be had for a shilling an hour. So persistent were they that they had their dromedaries kneeling beside us before we had decided to engage their services.

Assisted by two natives, I mounted one of these carriers of the desert, and with difficulty kept my seat until the animal was on his feet again. The riding was much easier than I supposed it would be; and I greatly enjoyed the trip around the Pyramids and down to the Sphinx and the Stone Temple.

There were so many beggars that it was a problem to know how to turn some of them away. Our dragoman told us to pay no at-

MRS. WHITE RIDING A DROMEDARY

tention to them. He said if you give them a pound they will ask for more; and they will be as well satisfied with a piaster, as with a pound. I noted the fact that this was not in keeping with his own policy, for it took more than a pound to satisfy him. I saw a tourist give an Arab a pound for some slight service, but the latter scarcely noticed it, showing no appreciation for the amount that he had received.

The people of wealth are to blame for this. They have spoiled those who do them favors; and all classes are on the constant lookout for money, whether they do anything to merit it or not; and it makes but little difference to them how they get it. If they point out the way to a person in the street, they expect something in return. When an Egyptian noticed that my niece was taking a snap-shot of the camel I was on, he started toward her crying, "backshish!"

There are many persons of the motley throng found in the Orient who can speak a few words of English. These persons stand around and wait for an opportunity to act as interpreters. If they are noticed or spoken to, they expect money. The tourists are tried

CHEOPS, THE GREAT PYRAMID

with them to the extreme limit, but there seems to be no remedy for their annoyance and persistency.

At the first sight of Cheops (named for the king who built it), the largest Pyramid, I felt somewhat disappointed. This Pyramid is 450 feet high; and perhaps if I had not seen the sky-scrapers of forty-six stories, in New York City, I might have been more favorably impressed at the sight of the Pyramid. After seeing what human skill and energy have done in these massive sky-scrapers in the United States, for a time the Pyramids did not meet my expectations, but after observing them more closely and being better able to comprehend their dimensions, I began to realize that the fault was with me.

The sides of the largest Pyramid were originally 800 feet, more than the length of three city squares. It is estimated that if the stones of this Pyramid were made into a wall, four feet high and one foot thick, it would be sufficient to enclose the whole of France. At one time this immense structure was overlaid with polished granite, which was removed and used in building the mosques of Cairo.

In giving us a brief history of Cheops, our guide said:

"The king who built it conquered a nation and made a pretense of admitting the people to his kingdom, but he immediately devised plans to kill them off; and put them to work building the Pyramid which was to be his tomb and monument.

"The newly-made slaves were compelled to work with only bread and onions to eat.

"They had to bring the stones for the construction of the Pyramid from the hill back of Cairo on the opposite side of the Nile, a distance of about ten miles. As the result of hard labor, ill treatment, and insufficient food, these slaves died by the thousands. All who died on any one day were buried together in an excavation in the ground."

In the center of the Great Pyramid, the sarcophagus and remains of this tyrant were found. When we take into consideration the cruelty of an earthly monarch who would sacrifice a race of people for his own benefit, we get some idea of what the infamous monarchical system will lead to. There are no extremes to which these incar-

RAMESES II, MUSEUM OF CAIRO

nate devils will not go to satisfy their beastly propensities.

Egypt, with its rise and fall of kingdoms, and its slavery of human beings, which has been practiced since its early history, will certainly reap an awful harvest at the day of Judgment.

In the Museum at Cairo I looked into the face of Rameses. His body was lying in a glass case in an open square, with his feautres all preserved and remarkably distinct. One would have thought that he lived but a few years ago. Providentially, the Egyptian art of embalming the human body has been lost to the world. People must learn that the earth in its present sinful condition can not stand, that the soul is more important than the body, and that those who have been created from the dust, must to the dust return.

I was fairly dazed by the heights to which the tourists were climbing, and had to close my eyes while they were making the descent. After my nephew had climbed to the top, and reached the bottom in safety, we turned toward the Sphinx, several hundred yards away. Here we found a colossal figure, 125 feet long and 50 feet

THE SPHINX

high,—the body of a lion with the face of a woman, all of its outlines being clearly distinguishable.

Our dragoman said the natives had searched in vain for the animal which they supposed this figure represented.

Near the Sphinx is the ancient Stone Temple. We paid a shilling each for admittance, and were taken through its various chambers. Its great red columns are of polished granite, but other parts of the temple and the floor are of white alabaster. The history of this temple is one of the recent discoveries in Egypt. It is said to have been built by the king that succeeded Cheops.

After visiting again the caves of the Dancing Dervishes, our party returned to the city, weary with the work of the day, but feeling well paid. How thankful I was that the Lord in His good providence had let me visit the country where His ancient people were once enslaved! Their exodus and marvelous deliverance is a thrilling story in the Old Testament; and the ages that had intervened seemed only a moment of time.

Egypt is a type of the carnal nature, and represents the world power. The plagues that

MRS. WHITE AND REV. AND MRS. A. L. WOLFRAM
IN THE STONE TEMPLE

were sent upon Pharaoh when he refused to let the children of Israel go show how God will destroy sin in the human heart and deliver those who wish to give all their time and strength to His service.

This world is destined to be made over anew; and the wicked, or Egyptian power must be destroyed.

When Moses asked Pharaoh to let Israel go and sacrifice to their God, Pharaoh refused. He was willing to let them offer sacrifices in Egypt, but he did not want them to leave his borders. The Almighty would not permit Israel to stay in Egypt and make sacrifices on the enemy's territory. The Egyptians would have stoned them; and there had to be a separation.

Before people can truly serve the living God, they must separate themselves from all unholy relationships. No one can have ungodly associates and live a Christian life. Every person must break with those who are in rebellion against Christ, or become a partaker of their sins. The crossing of the Red Sea symbolizes the new birth. God could not give Israel His law and make them a nation until they had become a separate people. Some of

them had become so depraved and so demoralized through Egyptian practices and associations, that they could not be kept in bounds after they had escaped from Pharaoh's kingdom.

The law was given to try their hearts, but many of them rebelled and had to be smitten.

After people have been truly born of the Spirit; they are often tempted to return to their old habits and environments. It is therefore necessary that they should be kept under the strictest discipline, especially the young, for the tendency is to long for the things that are left behind. It will take diligence on the part of teachers and instructors, and no loose rein should be given; as the prophet has said, precept must be upon precept; "line upon line; * * here a little, and there a little" (Isa. 28: 10-13). The old denominations have failed to discipline their people, hence the cause of their apostasy.

Many have the idea that they can run riot and engage in all kinds of sinful pleasures, and then turn in time to escape the eternal fires, but such people will awaken to the fact, sooner or later, that they must reap just what they

HIGH CASTE EGYPTIAN WOMAN

have sown. When one commits sin, he does so at the risk of his immortal soul.

The Moslem religion has controlled the people of Egypt for the past 1,300 years, and kept them in a half-civilized state. The Mohammedans believe that women have no souls, and that in no sense are they on an equality with men. Women are treated as slaves, and are not even permitted to enter the mosques. They are compelled to mourn for the dead, and on funeral occasions they are conducted through the streets clad in black, riding on rough vehicles drawn by donkeys or cattle. Their heads are always covered, and their faces veiled.

No man, except their brothers and husbands, is allowed to look into the faces of these women. Some members of the wealthier classes are richly dressed and ride about the city in carriages. Women scarcely ever accompany the men on the streets or highways, unless it be the poorer classes, where the men ride while the women walk and carry the burdens.

CHAPTER V

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS

EGYPT, with its remote civilization, furnishes the student with a wider scope for historical research than any other country on the globe. The hieroglyphics carved on granite, that have been preserved through the ages, reveal much of the life, habits, and religious worship of the people that otherwise would have been lost. Bodies that were embalmed centuries before Christ are found in the Cairo Museum in a remarkable state of preservation.

As a result of recent discoveries, God has revealed to the world that He can write a book that time can not efface. The data that has furnished the pages of this book has been found hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth. It would take volumes to describe the ancient relics in the Museum of Cairo.

As I looked into the faces of kings and

queens, I imagined that I could almost hear them speak, their features had been so perfectly traced by the sculptor. Stone archways and many other ornamental pieces are there which formed parts of the magnificent structures in which the ancient rulers lived. Their preserved bodies (mummies) have been taken from the granite sarcophagi and placed on exhibition. These tombs are of enormous weight and have been brought from their resting places at the expense of much labor and money, and placed in the museum.

They are literally covered with the Egyptian characters that were once used as a means of communication.

The history of Egypt begins with Genesis, and may be followed through all the books of the Old Testament. Egypt, the "child of the flesh," portrays the Adamic nature, always in hot pursuit of the spiritual child, seeking to take his life. Moses was miraculously delivered when Pharaoh sought to destroy all the young children of the Hebrew race (Ex. 2). An Egyptian woman was the mother of Ishmael, who sought to slay Isaac.

God called Abram out of Ur of Chaldea to go into the land of Canaan, which He gave to

PICTURE-WRITING AND EGYPTIAN OBELISK

him and his posterity as an inheritance. But soon after reaching Canaan, a famine arose in the land and he took Sarai his wife and went into Egypt. There Hagar, an Egyptian woman, became Sarai's maid. Sarai was a woman fair to look upon, but she was barren. Abram, fearing that the Egyptians would give him trouble on account of her beauty, used strategy to deceive them, and said, "She is my sister." But this was unwise and only made matters worse.

Pharaoh's princes who saw her, reported to their master, and the heathen king had her brought to his own house, not knowing that she was Abram's wife. When he found it out, he sent Abram away with her, and all of his belongings. If God had not plagued the house of Pharaoh he would have kept her.

Sarai symbolizes the true Church. When Israel backslid, stoned their prophets, crucified their Messiah, and rejected the Holy Ghost, God's judgments fell on them and they were left in desolation; and ever since, the true Church has been with the Gentiles. There is no spiritual motherhood in Israel. "Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in" (Romans 11:25).

For more than two thousand years a veil has been over their faces; and their enemies have vexed and persecuted them. Sarai in the house of Pharaoh symbolizes the Church among the Gentiles. It was not God's plan for Abram to remain in Egypt, therefore God plagued the house of Pharaoh in order to get him back to Canaan, where Sarai, whose name now became Sarah, brought forth Isaac, the spiritual child. There is remarkable symbolism here. God's judgments will fall upon the Gentile nations, and the children of Abraham will be delivered and become the conservators of true religion; and it is evident that the time is near.

Before Isaac was born, in order to take away the reproach of a childless home, Sarah gave Hagar, her Egyptian maid, to Abram that an heir might be born unto him. The result was, Ishmael, the child of the flesh, was born, whom God declared should not be their

heir. Later, Sarah, in her old age, conceived and brought forth Isaac, the child of the Spirit (Galatians 4). Ishmael mocked and persecuted Isaac; and would have succeeded in slaying him, if Sarah had not refused to let him and his bond-mother stay in the home.

The child of the flesh always persecutes the child of the Spirit. From day to day Sarah watched the proceedings; and saw the danger Isaac was in; and frankly declared that Ishmael could not be heir with Isaac, neither should he and his bond-mother remain in the house with Isaac. She, therefore, commanded the Egyptian mother to take her son and go. As soon as they had departed, the strife was ended and there was peace and safety in the home; and so it is when the soul is sanctified wholly. The strife between the old Egyptian nature and the new man of the heart is brought to an end; and Christ is enthroned.

Sarah showed true motherhood when she cast out the son of the bond-woman. The true Church wages vigorous warfare against the carnal nature, otherwise the spiritual life would be destroyed and the "child of the flesh" predominate.

Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with

the people of God than to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. The secret of his birth not having been disclosed, he was marvelously preserved through the early years of his life. Nevertheless he was a true Hebrew, even though he was fostered by the daughter of a heathen king, and became heir apparent to the throne.

The offer of a throne and scepter was no inducement for him to forsake his own people; but it was wisdom on his part to keep the secret of his birth from Pharaoh's house. To have disclosed it would have been at the peril of his life, and also the lives of his people. But the time came when the pent-up loyalty of his heart had to have an outlet; and when he was least expecting it, the opportunity presented itself. He looked upon the oppression of his people from day to day, and could no longer forbear.

Exodus 2: 11-12 says, "And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that

DESCENDING THE PYRAMID

there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand." Moses, a type of Christ, was raised up to deliver God's people from bondage; and he anxiously awaited the opportunity.

The slaying of the Egyptian and his burial in the sand shows how Christ slays the man of sin in the human heart. When Moses killed him, he supposed that no one knew what he had done, but it could not be hid. When a person gets sanctified wholly, there is no way to keep it a secret,—the glad tidings will be published.

The next day, while trying to make peace between two of his brethren, Moses was accused by one of them of wanting to kill him as he had the Egyptian. When he learned that his secret was revealed, he fled for his life, thinking that Pharaoh would pursue him. And so it is when a person gets rid of the Egyptian nature,—the powers of darkness array themselves against him. When the progeny of Adam the first is cut off, opposition is sure to arise from his posterity, and spiritual warfare will rage between sin and righteousness.

To allow the man of sin to live in the hu-

man heart when the time comes for execution, means to forfeit salvation. Egypt is the mother of the old nature. God has made her, with her relics of bygone ages, an object lesson for spiritual instruction, which perfectly accords with the written word.

The Bible is not the only book that gives the history of the son of the perverse woman whom Sarah caused to be cast out into the desert. Another book, as before stated, now lies open to be read, written in tables of stone. The whole world is invited to study this book, and scan the ghastly features of the "child of the flesh."

The temples, the statuary, and the pyramids are drawing people from all parts of the world. Many become so fascinated with the charms of this historical land that they are not satisfied to be sightseers only; and are now building magnificent houses, and settling down on the banks of the Nile to spend the remainder of their days. Such persons are not concerned much about spiritual things. They seek a congenial climate and a place to busy themselves in historical research.

CHAPTER VI

MOHAMMEDAN FUNERALS, WEDDINGS, AND BIRTHS

IN Moslem funeral processions, the bier is carried on the shoulders of four or six men, while the streets are thronged with people massed about them. In the rear, women may be seen dressed in black, with veiled faces, riding in carts or sitting on boards across the running-gears of wagons. Among them are the mourning women who have an important part in the orgies at the grave. Their pitiful wails awaken the emotions even of those who are the least concerned, or in sympathy with them.

While females are not allowed in the places of prayer, their presence is always welcome at funerals. When their husbands and fathers are buried, they bewail the loss of their bread-winners. The rough vehicles on which they ride in the procession are drawn by donkeys, mules, or oxen. In the funeral throng there are sometimes hundreds and even thousands

of people. If death occurs in the morning, the interment takes place the same day. If it occurs in the afternoon, it is postponed until the next morning.

As soon as the life has been extinguished, the body is washed and mourned over by the family and the mourning women. It is then wrapped in a winding-sheet, and placed on a bier covered with red or green cloth, and carried forth in solemn procession. Blind men are often placed at the front, who walk slowly repeating the same words over and over, "There is no God, but God; Mohammed is the ambassador of God. God be gracious to him and preserve him."

The blind men are followed by the main relatives of the deceased, and sometimes by a number of dervishes with flags of their order. The Koran is carried in the procession on a covered stand. A number of boys usually chant several passages in loud, shrill voices, describing the last judgment. Then comes the bier, with relatives and friends in every-day attire; and the female relatives sobbing and shrieking aloud. These are accompanied by the mourning women whose business it is to extol the merits of the deceased. Female rel-

AN ARAB SHOP

atives cry, "O thou camel of my house" (the camel being the bread-winner of the household).

Before the burial takes place, the body is carried into a mosque where prayers are offered in behalf of the dead. There is always the tomb of a saint in the mosque, before which the body is placed, and prayers are chanted again and recited. The procession then forms anew and moves toward the cemetery. The body is let down a perpendicular shaft to a vault excavated on one side of it; and then placed in such a position that the face is turned toward Mecca. The entrance to the lateral vault is then walled up; and during the long process the mourners cry: "God pardon the Moslem men and Moslem women."

A person then turns to the dead and addresses him, informing him how he is to answer the two examining angels who are to question him during the night. While the shaft is being filled up, the mourners incessantly repeat the words: "In the name of God be merciful; in the name of God be merciful!" The members of the family then disappear; and the mourning women come forward to inspect the tomb. Moslems believe that the

soul remains with the body three days after death. Such is the darkness and superstition of the deluded followers of Mohammed.

The birth of a child is celebrated on the seventh day of its life by a domestic festival attended by some learned theologian. When the child is forty days old, the mother takes it to the bath and causes forty bowls of water to be poured over its head. If the infant is a girl, thirty-nine bowls are sufficient. This bath forms the purification of both the mother and the child.

The rite of circumcision is performed on boys up to the age of seven years. The ceremony is attended with great pomp. The child is conducted through the streets in holiday attire, while the barber, who performs the operation, accompanied by a noisy troop of musicians, takes the lead.

Girls are usually married in their twelfth or thirteenth year, and sometimes as early as their tenth year. A man who is in search of a bride employs a near relative of the bride, or a woman who is a professional match-maker. If he is of high caste, he is not permitted to see the bride until the wedding day. When everything is in readiness, he is supposed to pay

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION

about twenty-five pounds if the bride is a widow. If she is a spinster, he has to pay more.

The amount to be paid down is always a subject of much discussion. Usually two-thirds of the amount is required, the remainder being settled upon the wife and paid to her upon the death of the husband, or she would receive it if she should be divorced against her will.

Before the wedding, the bride is conducted in gala attire with great pomp and ceremony to the bath, the procession being headed by hautboys and drums. Then follow relatives of the bride in pairs; after these, young girls. The bride is entirely concealed by the clothes she wears, usually being covered from head to foot in a cashmere shawl.

As the company moves slowly along, hideous shrieks of joy may be heard from the lower classes. After the wedding, the bride is attended with the same ceremony to the house of her husband.

She may be divorced at any time at the will of her husband for the slightest offense.

Everywhere the harems are seen with their closed shutters. Only the women of the peas-

antry are seen mingling with the throngs in the public thoroughfares; and these women always have their faces veiled below their eyes.

CHAPTER VII

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA

ON February 9, our party left Alexandria en route to Jaffa. We had gone on board the *Orenoque,* another vessel of the Messageries Line, the evening before. At 8 o'clock in the morning I went out on deck to get a last glimpse of the port; and as our ship moved out of the harbor, a most wonderful sight was presented to view. There were hundreds of ships anchored in the harbor. Great cargoes were being unloaded by the Egyptians who kept up a continual jabbering and shouting at one another. Other vessels were being loaded by natives, who handle all of the freight. With great brawny muscles and bare feet, they worked like beavers until their tasks were finished.

There were some splendid vessels in the harbor floating American and British flags. As I looked upon this unusual scene, it foreshadowed the future, when, no doubt, this

place will be the world's great maritime center. The harbor at Alexandria will perform an important part in the protection of the Jews when they gather back to the land of their fathers. The angel of inspiration seemed to linger close by, as my mind went back over the past four thousand years of Egyptian history. I had looked into the faces of the ancient kings, examined their tombs and temples, and learned something of their manners and customs, and of the gods they worshiped.

I thought of the mighty deliverance of the children of Israel under the leadership of Moses, and their birth as a nation. I saw that vast throng wandering through the wilderness after they had been so wonderfully liberated from Egyptian bondage, after the destroying angel had slain the firstborn of their foes. I could hear Moses' song of deliverance, which climaxed all the literary productions of his day, and again, Miriam's voice with the timbrels as she led the women forth in the dance of praise.

Moses said, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea" (Ex. 15: 1).

This song of victory was used in celebrating the birth of a new nation, symbolic of the conversion of a soul. There are always songs of joy when a soul has been delivered from the bondage of sin; and it is God's purpose to lead those, whose hearts have thus been transformed by His grace, into the Canaan of rest.

The wanderings of the children of Israel in the desert marked the path of disobedience. They should have hastened to the Promised Land, and taken possession of their inheritance, but weary years of suffering came as a result of their doubting God and refusing to go in and possess the land.

How many new-born souls tarry in the wilderness until their opportunity to cross over into Canaan is lost; and thus forfeit their inheritance.

There were only about twelve hours ahead of us after leaving Alexandria until we should reach the Suez Canal. The construction of this canal is one of the greatest achievements of modern times. It has been the means of opening up the eastern portions of the Asiatic continent; and millions who have worshiped at the shrines of heathen gods are becoming enlightened as the result.

We reached Port Said about 8 o'clock in the evening. Here we were anchored near a large British steamship carrying 400 soldiers to India. How fortunate that Great Britain has gotten a foothold in that country, where for so many centuries the thraldom of human beings has been so great! The civil powers have done much to enlighten the heathen where other efforts have failed. When men will not be persuaded to put away error, it is often necessary to use the strong arm of the civil powers. Paul said, "The law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ."

As soon as the children of Israel were delivered from bondage, God put them under Sinaitic law. It was necessary to restrain their appetites and passions, and to teach them the difference between the false and the true.

Our voyage from Alexandria to Port Said, in many respects, was more interesting than that on any other part of the Mediterranean. After leaving Alexandria, we had rough sailing and there were indications of a storm. The sun would burst through the clouds and quickly disappear. In the meantime, the rays were falling on other parts of the sea, producing all the colors of the rainbow. I thought of the

JAFFA BOATMEN

portals of the glory world, and wondered if, when I came in sight of the city not made with hands, I could be more enraptured.

The day was without any special events any more than that of passing the *Caronia* of the Cunard Line. The passengers turned their glasses on us and salutations were exchanged.

While our ship was lying in the harbor at Port Said, I noticed the stewards and officers were very careful to keep all doors and windows closed. The natives are so bold as to come out and board the ships, and, without hesitation, force their way into private apartments of passengers, asking for "bakshish" or soliciting patronage for the hotels. Often they are driven back by force, but they will wait for an opportunity and return.

Early the next morning, there were indications that a storm was approaching. All day the machinery was in operation unloading the freight; and the natives in their strange costumes besieged the ship from morning till night. At four o'clock in the afternoon the passengers arriving from Cairo began to come on board. We were pleased to find a number of persons among them whom we had met on

the *Congo*. They had made a trip up the Nile and hastened back to continue their voyage on the *Orenoque*. Some of them were delighted to see us, and to renew the acquaintance.

While the passengers were being transferred from the small boats to the ship, the wind arose; and every moment operations became more and more hazardous. While two natives were trying to outdo each other, one of them in a small boat lost his balance and fell overboard. It was amusing to see other boatmen trying to rescue their unfortunate friend, and at the same time keep from going overboard themselves. In spite of my efforts to be serious, I was almost convulsed with laughter.

The small boats which were being lashed by the waves were bobbing up and down and making it almost impossible for the men to keep their footing, especially when they were transferring luggage and fruit to the large vessel. While I was looking upon the scene with pity and amusement, my nephew's hat was blown away, and was taken so quickly none of us saw in what direction it went.

The Moslems kept up a continual jabbering and contention, yet they never seemed to

get angry at one another. Money is their object,—piasters, francs, and shillings,—Egyptian, French, and English money. They are on the lookout for the Americans, especially, whom they give the credit of having plenty of money and of being generous with it.

On reaching Alexandria, the natives coming out in their boats to meet us, cried, "A new religion has come from America." They look upon America as being the birthplace of many religions; and when persons arrive dressed in strange uniforms or clerical costumes, they conclude at once that they represent a new religion from America.

Some who could speak a few words of broken English ventured to ask what "Pillar of Fire" means. They had seen nothing of it before, and were naturally more reserved, and at a loss to know how to approach us.

A storm had been brewing for many hours; and instead of leaving Port Said that evening, after the passengers made a protest, the Captain decided to wait until next morning, but before daylight he became anxious and put out to sea. The ship had been rocking fiercely all night, but at twenty minutes past four she was moving out of the harbor. For twelve hours

she was held in the grip of a tempest, furiously lashed and tossed. At times there seemed to be no possible hope of keeping her afloat. Lightning struck the ship somewhere above water line and the cargo shifted to one side, but otherwise no great damage was done.

With few exceptions there was a death-like stupor over all the passengers. Some of them were too ill to answer when they were spoken to. I noticed several trying to get from the dining saloon to their cabins, but they did not succeed without help. It took faith and courage to keep up at a time like this, but I knew that by the help of the Lord it was possible to do so; and I did not give up.

There was no possibility during such a storm, of landing at Jaffa, which has no enclosed harbor; and the Captain thought it advisable to turn toward Cyprus. He did so, but found the gale too strong for him, and later the ship was headed for Beyrout, Syria, reaching there Sunday morning at 7:30.

Many of the passengers did not realize their peril. Those who suffer greatly from seasickness are often not much concerned as to whether they live or die. Some have been known to jump overboard rather than endure

BEYROUT, SYRIA

the suffering. Those who have never had an experience of seasickness are apt to speak lightly of it and look upon it as a joke. But a few hours in the grip of the sea monster is sufficient to teach them their folly. Experience is a dear school, but some people will learn in no other way.

The delay of the arrival of the *Orenoque* caused the people to think that she had gone down; and the news had been telegraphed up and down the coast of Palestine to this effect. When the Captain heard it he became very angry; and his wrath was kindled anew when the people came out from Beyrout to see the ship which they thought had been lost.

The readers might be interested in knowing something of our experience during this perilous voyage. I must confess that I did not realize the danger the ship was in. We learned afterwards that the vessel had been in service many years; and was considered by some as unable to endure the strain of such a storm. About a year before, I had been in a worse storm on the Atlantic, but the vessel was new.

While the passengers on the *Orenoque* were suffering greatly, my niece and I sang songs

from the *Pillar of Fire Praises;* and never felt more like rejoicing. We did not know that our singing had encouraged the passengers until we reached Beyrout, when expressions came from different ones as to how they were helped and encouraged.

Certainly such experiences are greatly to be prized by those who put their trust alone in God. We sang,

"Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is night;
Carest Thou not that we perish?
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

CHO:—"The winds and the waves shall obey
Thy will,
Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed
sea,
Or demons or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where
lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and
skies;
They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,

"PEACE, BE STILL"

Peace, be still!
They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,
Peace, peace, be still!

"Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O, blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore."

Christ is the Captain of our salvation; and we were enabled to show others how a Christian can rejoice at all times.

On Monday morning, we were transferred to the *Sadieh,* a British mail steamer for Jaffa. During the day we had the opportunity of seeing Beyrout. The Syrians took us ashore. They had haunted our steps from the time we had reached port in hope of getting something to do.

The narrow streets of Beyrout were somewhat similar to some we had seen in Alexandria and Cairo; and were literally lined with merchandise and all kinds of wares for sale. We scarcely dared to look to the right hand or to the left, lest we should be besieged by those

who thought there was an opportunity to sell us something.

Beyrout was the first city I ever saw that was wholly under control of the Turks; and while the religion in Egypt is the same as in Beyrout, I could see a marked difference, and felt as never before the curse of the Moslem power, and the menace it is to the human race.

We sat at the table and ate with some of the Moslems; and while they seemed to be friendly enough, I knew their treachery, and the fact that when once the beast is aroused in them there are no bounds to their cruelty. It would be difficult to describe their houses and streets.

Everywhere Turkish soldiers were on the march. The deeper they can wade in the blood of infidels, as they call those who differ from them in religion, the greater they think will be their reward in the life to come. This belief is the basis of the Mohammedan religion. Great Britain has done much to curb them in their activities; and they are beginning to realize that their bloodthirsty wars will not be tolerated by the more enlightened powers of the earth.

Rapid changes are taking place; and slowly but surely they must yield to the ver-

dict of all,—"The Turk must go!" As yet, they continue to hold the patrimony of Jacob over whose sons they sway the scepter of tyranny.

The civilized people are stirred to the depths when they think of the atrocities that have been committed by the inhuman Turk. They have massacred and butchered the Armenian race; and with dogged and brutal persistency have held the patrimony of Jacob for centuries. But there is nothing more evident than that their grip is loosening on this land that rightfully belongs to God's ancient people; and at no distant day they will be compelled to relinquish it. "How long, O Lord, how long," is the cry from every heart that longs to see justice administered to those whose judgments are past due.

Our ship was expected in the early part of the forenoon, but to the joy of those who had been waiting for many days for a boat to Jaffa, she arrived at 3:30 in the afternoon. The sight of the Union Jack gladdened every heart as the ship came in sight; and many shouted until they were almost hoarse.

The French were unable to land us at Jaffa, but in the delay of the *Sadieh* they were

unwilling for us to embark on a Turkish vessel and discouraged every effort made in that direction. The wind was contrary when we went on board the ship; and some persons predicted that we would not be able to land at Jaffa, but the Lord showed me clearly that we should have a safe landing the next day.

In the morning when I awakened after a good night's rest, I felt the blessing of the Lord on my soul. Heavenly sunlight broke through the rifted clouds; and I felt like singing and shouting the praises of my Redeemer.

A few hours later our ship reached Haifa; and I went out on deck to see the passengers transferred to the little boats that had come out to meet us. Our ship was anchored about a quarter of a mile from the land.

There was strife, as usual among the native boatman, but there was worse strife for passengers and luggage than I had yet seen. The natives actually knocked one another down, and all was disorder and confusion. It was said that no boat had landed there for nine days; and these natives were desperate for a few francs or shillings.

I noticed five men, two women, and two children in a small boat and heard them talk-

ing loudly. The women with their heavily veiled faces were more conspicuous than the men. They were all doing their best to induce other boatmen to make way for them to come on board the *Sadieh,* but they did not succeed.

Two men who stood near me shouted to the natives in Arabic, one of them speaking with authority. But as they paid no attention to him, he said in English, "Drive the robbers back. If they come up the side of the ship, we will dash hot water on them!"

I ventured to ask him if all this trouble and confusion in transferring passengers from the ship to the small boats was unusual. He replied, "I have never seen it quite like this." I learned afterward that I was talking to the Captain, a Scotchman, wearing no uniform.

About this time, the Russian Consul, who was on board, was taken to a small boat. He was accompanied by a native servant in gorgeous apparel. It was remarked by some one that the Consul was a fine gentleman.

After an hour of confusion and almost desperation on the part of those who were trying to get on or off the ship, a person was thrust back bodily by an officer, and a moment later

the ship ladder was taken up. (I learned afterwards that these robbers who made such a desperate effort to get on board the ship were from a cholera-infected district, hence the fight of the Captain and others to keep them off.)

When within two hours' sail of Jaffa, while alone in my cabin, I opened my Bible and my eyes fell on Acts 10:9, which reads as follows: "On the morrow, as they went on their journey, and drew nigh unto the city, Peter went up upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour."

It is remarkable that I should open to this scripture when within a short distance of the very spot where Peter had the vision of the sheet being let down with four-footed beasts and all manner of creeping things in it.

The Spirit of the Lord came upon me as I read a part of this chapter; and the pressure became so great I felt the earthen vessel would break. A picture came before me of God's ancient people, the desolation of their country, and the awful poverty and woe of its inhabitants. I felt the Almighty could not forbear much longer,—that the lightning-bolts of His wrath would soon be made manifest.

For nearly a month I had been studying the

Moslems, most of whom were striving for mere existence, and in their destitution were praying for a change of government. The Spirit flashed the truth upon me and showed me that in our experience in the storm on a French vessel, and its being unable to land at Jaffa, God was trying to teach us an important lesson. I had been wondering how He was going to bring about a transformation among the followers of Mohammed, break the power of Turkey, and give the Jews back their country.

We were now sailing to Jaffa under a British flag with a Scotch captain, who had driven the robbers back and saved us from quarantine, and whatever else might have followed as the result of those desperate men's coming on board.

I saw that God is going to use the British in the liberation of Israel from Gentile power, and is it not reasonable that He should use them in wresting the land from the Turks, since He has given them the supremacy of the sea? Wherever the Union Jack floats it means protection and liberty.

Tears flowed freely and my heart throbbed with glad anticipation for the change that I

believe is near at hand. This experience almost prostrated me; and I went to bed and slept for two hours; awaking just as the *Sadieh* was drawing near to Jaffa.

The sea was calm and the sun was shining, after all the indications of a storm there had been in the morning.

I looked into the future and saw Jaffa as the world's great seaport,—the identical place where Peter had the vision of all manner of unclean beasts in the sheet being let down from heaven. These beasts represent the nations coming under the privileges of the Gospel. I could see a great harbor, with ships bringing the riches of the Gentiles to Jerusalem, in fulfilment of God's word. "Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces (margin says wealth) of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought" (Isaiah 60:11).

Oh how I long to see the fulfilment of prophecy in behalf of His ancient people! May the forces be put into operation that will speedily consummate God's plan in the Restoration. Surely He can not endure much longer the desolation of Zion.

CHAPTER VIII

JAFFA AND JERUSALEM

WHEN we reached Jaffa, we expected to have more difficulty in landing than we had had before; and decided to secure the best service possible. A tall Syrian, one of Cook's representatives, gallantly escorted us to a small boat, and took us safe to shore. He assisted us in getting through the Customs and provided a carriage to take us to a hotel.

Our visit to Egypt had somewhat prepared us for the scenes that greeted us. There was much more destitution here than at Alexandria and Cairo. Some of the beggars on the roadside were lepers.

In the afternoon one of our party secured the services of a Chaldean from Jerusalem, who took us in a carriage to various places of interest in Jaffa. He was much excited over the storm that had been raging for days, and told us of the damage it had done to the

orange crop. He declared that such a storm had not been known on that coast for thirty years and that the damage to the orange groves alone was estimated at 60,000 pounds. I saw a number of groves where the oranges had been beaten off the trees and piled up while they were yet green.

I wondered why the Lord saw fit to take me to Palestine at such a time as this; and I came to the conclusion that He wanted me to see the country under the most unfavorable conditions in order that I might get some idea of the climate and the sufferings of the people. (And I know now that these storms were precursors of the great wars that have been raging ever since.)

Our interpreter was no ordinary person; and spoke English with fluency. He was undoubtedly the best the country could afford, being in the employ of the Grand New Hotel at Jerusalem. There is not much satisfaction in talking to a person when half he says cannot be understood.

He took us to the house of Simon the Tanner; and as our party followed him through a narrow passageway on foot, we were besieged by children asking for alms. Their parents,

WELL AND HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER

who were looking on, had evidently trained them to beg. Our guide would shout at them to drive them away.

When we reached the house of Simon the Tanner, we heard a Moslem praying near the stairway, on a large rug. He tried to appear very devout, but it was plain to be seen that he was doing it for effect.

A flight of stone steps led to the roof of the house, which is supposed to have replaced the roof on which Peter had the vision. Near by is a well, which the Moslems claim is the well of Simon the Tanner.

Our guide took us over a road leading through orange groves to a Greek Catholic church. The officiating priests treated us very courteously. On the walls were numerous large, hand-painted pictures of Christ and the Virgin. Various pictures of the crucifixion were painted life-size; and must have been placed in the church at great expense.

There was a winding stairway to the top of the building, where we obtained a clear view of the city, with the beautiful plains stretching north and east. The green trees laden with fruit made me think of the good time coming after the sons of Jacob have

taken possession of their inheritance; when the land will bud and blossom as the rose.

The orange trade is the chief industry of Jaffa; and should the crop fail the poor people suffer greatly, often becoming utterly destitute of food and clothing.

There is no more congenial and beautiful climate to be found in winter than at Jaffa. It is quite different from the Lebanon Mountains near Beyrout or the hills of Zion. If our party had been seeking health or a place to pass the time, no doubt we should have tarried here at Jaffa for many weeks, but we were on a different mission.

Near the Greek church, we visited the tomb of Dorcas. There are a number of other tombs in the cave, which, it is claimed are those of her relatives. I felt sure that this was not the real tomb of Dorcas, but only a place where the Moslems allure travelers in order to get their money.

Money-getting is the one great object in the Holy Land. Merchandise is made of all the so-called historical places.

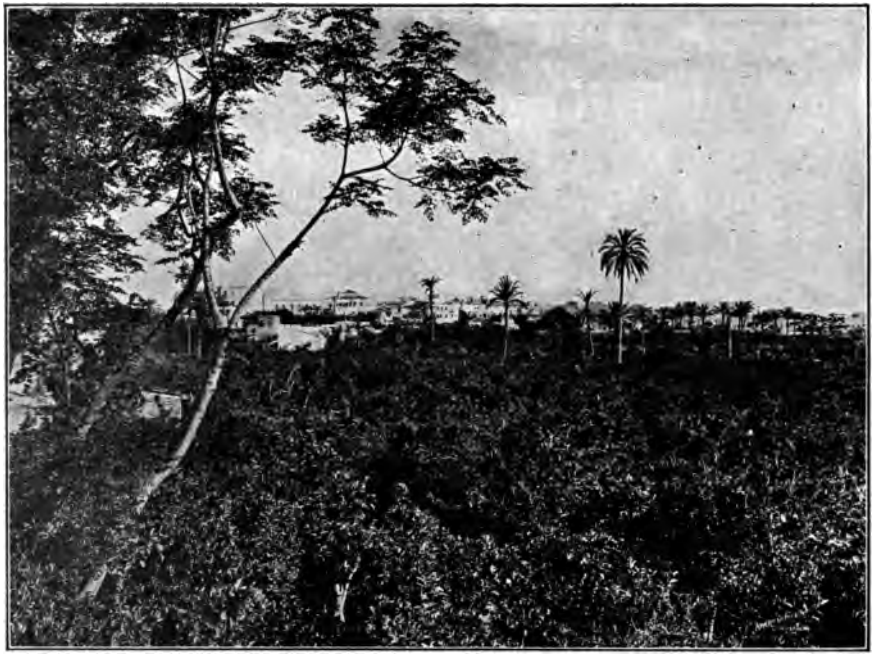
Early in the morning, February 15, we took the train at Jaffa for Jerusalem, a distance of fifty-three miles. It was a delightful jour-

ney through a beautiful country, reminding me of Southern California, except that the oranges are much larger and of better quality.

In going from the hotel to the train at Jaffa two persons almost fought over our baggage; and in their contention spoke both English and Arabic. I took a breath of relief when I found we were actually seated in the car, no more to be disturbed until we reached Jerusalem.

The money-changers play an important part in the various scenes and experiences of the tourists at the railroad stations. There is no way to get by them, from the fact that they are in league with the ticket agents and those who register baggage. Of course the person who gets his money changed is always the loser; and more especially so if he is not familiar with the coins.

Soon we were viewing the Plain of Sharon with beautiful green fields stretching out before us as far as the eye could reach. Thorn hedges are used for enclosures, as there is a great scarcity of timber in the country. The middle of February is early spring in Palestine; and wild flowers could be seen everywhere. The fruit trees were also in bloom.



JAFFA ORANGE GROVES

The natives were plowing with camels, donkeys, and cows. Their farming implements were rough and odd in appearance; and their dwellings were made mostly of clay. Destitute men, women, and children were waiting at the railroad stations where they had come to beg or to sell oranges and flowers to the travelers.

I noticed that many of them were afflicted with blindness in one or both eyes; and was told that a great deal of this blindness was caused by carelessness in handling unripe figs; the juice of a certain part of the fruit being poisonous, and very injurious to the eyes. Isaiah 35:5-6 says, "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." It will be a glorious time when the outcasts of Israel shall be gathered home and have their spiritual eyes opened. The streets of Zion will then resound with praises to their King.

Multitudes will seek the fountain opened to the house of David for the healing of their physical and spiritual ailments. The lame

man will leap as an hart, not only because he will have been healed of his physical lameness, but because he will have the joy of salvation.

We passed the stations of Lydda and Ramleh before reaching the hills of Judea. When the train began to pull up grade it went very slowly, giving us plenty of time to see the country. I had traveled many thousands of miles through the Appalachian Mountains in the eastern part of the United States, and over the Rocky Mountains in nearly all the Western States, but I never saw anything like the terraced hills of Palestine. Some of these hills have one stone wall after another from the base to the top, enclosing narrow strips of ground under cultivation, where vegetables, grapes, olives, and other fruits grow.

In many places there were great snowdrifts. I could take up snow with one hand and pick flowers with the other. This I have often done in the Rocky Mountains.

The cave where Samson hid when the Philistines were after him was pointed out; and also the place where he tied the firebrands between the tails of the three hundred foxes and destroyed the fields.

These foxes with the firebrands symbolize

people who have received the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and go forth with tongues of fire to destroy the works of the devil. One such person can do more to damage Satan's kingdom than all the dead professors in Christendom. One can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. Satan and his emissaries are not greatly alarmed until a person receives the fiery baptism.

Remembering that a lion roared on Samson, I noticed many caves that looked as if they were good hiding-places for wild beasts. Samson killed the lion and afterward found honey in its carcass. The lion symbolizes the lion of sin in human hearts. When this beast of depravity has been slain, the honey of salvation is the result. If one would master one's self and be a victor over the world, the flesh, and the devil, one must be made free from sin. Reader, be sure that the beast of depravity does not master you. The omnipotent Christ, of whom Samson in his great strength was a type, will slay him in the twinkling of an eye if you will only give Him a chance.

As our train continued to pull up grade and wind around the sides of the mountains, the

RAILROAD STATION AT JERUSALEM

atmosphere grew much colder. There was snow everywhere.

Radical changes are taking place in the climate of Palestine, which show that God is working rapidly to bring to pass the things that are written in His word.

Bittier was our last station before reaching Jerusalem. Here the ancient city Beth-araba was captured after the Romans had besieged it for three years and a half. The Talmud says that the carnage that followed was so great that the blood of the Jews who were slain reached to the nostrils of the horses and flowed down into the sea. This was during the insurrection of Bar-Cochba against the Romans. The entire Jewish population was destroyed.

Bittier is now a Moslem town.

Next was the German Colony, a suburb of Jerusalem, with modern schools and churches. The Germans also have costly and magnificent structures in Jerusalem. One of their churches was built by the German Emperor at a cost of $400,000.

Our readers can imagine how I felt when our train actually halted at the station and the guard called out, "Jerusalem." It was not the

city as it was of old, nor that which is to be in the future, but the Jerusalem of today with its Islam worship and Turkish domination.

Two thousand years ago Christ wept over the city, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Matt. 23:37-39).

During all these centuries the city has been in spiritual desolation,—trodden down by the Gentiles, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all religions are there represented.

The streets are thronged with people in every conceivable costume from all parts of the world. Some of the poorer classes have their bodies covered with pieces of skin, often hanging in shreds, many of whom walk without shoes in the snow and slush with their limbs bare.

On reaching the station at Jerusalem our party was approached by a man in European

ENTRANCE TO THE NARROW DAVID STREET

dress,—a Chaldean by birth. He had spent two years at school in the United States. We engaged his services as interpreter and guide while in the city. On the way from the station to the hotel he took the latest number of the *Pillar of Fire* out of his pocket. It had reached Jaffa on our ship and was taken with the mail to Jerusalem the evening before.

It was gratifying to know that the *Pillar of Fire* had gone before us.

We stopped at the Grand New Hotel, just inside the Jaffa Gate, the best hotel and location in Jerusalem. The hotel is only a few steps from the Tower of David, overlooking the main street of the city.

The narrow streets were thronged with pedestrians and vehicles; and persons riding on donkeys and camels. "Ooah, ooah,"—Clear the way,—was heard continually.

Soon after our arrival we took a three hours' drive about the city; and the following day went to various places of interest. We found it difficult to crowd so much into the little time that we had to spend.

On Friday we drove to Bethlehem in a rain. Here we saw the Church of the Nativity, owned by three different religious sects,—

RELIGIOUS GATHERING AT BETHLEHEM

Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. This building with its ancient pillars is a most remarkable structure. We were shown the manger, where, tradition says, the infant child Jesus was born.

In A. D. 330, a handsome basilica was erected here by the order of the Emperor Constantine; and in the days of Justinian, A. D. 527—565, it underwent considerable restoration. There can be no mistake as to the antiquity of this building, which is an example of the earliest style of Christian architecture.

It was novel indeed to stand by the great pillars which have stood for so many centuries. It would take a whole chapter to give even a slight description of this church and its various apartments, many of which are underground.

Armed soldiers were standing at their posts of duty, and priests in their different departments were heard chanting their prayers. We were shown the place where the Wise Men stood when they presented frankincense and myrrh to Christ their newborn King.

The sons of Ishmael seem to have no part in the ownership of this place.

It was raining slightly as we made our way through the narrow streets, often having to

come to a standstill on account of the travel being so congested. The drivers kept up a continual shouting at one another. It is a wonder that more people are not injured in these street jams. After buying a few souvenirs we returned to Jerusalem in the wind and rain. The natives said that the latter rain was falling; and were delighted with the prospect of a good crop.

CHAPTER IX

TOMBS OF THE KINGS AND SOLOMON'S STABLES

THE Tombs of the Kings are interesting to the tourists. Unlike the places associated with the life of Jesus, there are no structures built over these tombs, the natural rocks out of which they were hewn are exposed to view. The tombs have been there in their present condition since before Christ. There are twenty-four steps, nine yards wide, leading down to them. I took a candle and went through the dark caverns and was told that there were sixty-four in all.

Great heaps of stone, the ruins of buildings, are seen everywhere in Jerusalem, besides innumerable stone walls and fences. When the Jews come into possession of Jerusalem, there will be plenty of stone to rebuild the city.

We visited the stables of Solomon with their ancient pillars. The vaults of these stables extend ninety-one yards from east to

TOMBS OF THE KINGS

west, and sixty-nine yards from north to south. There are altogether thirteen vaults of unequal length and breadth.

The Moslems claim these pillars are the identical ones placed there by Solomon. It is also claimed by some that Herod built the present stables over those of Solomon, which is more likely to be true. The wall is probably the one that Solomon built.

In the Jewish quarter we walked through the narrow David Street, thronged with pedestrians, with persons here and there riding on donkeys. There were no vehicles on this street; for a camel can scarcely make his way through without bumping the heads of footmen.

There were no saloons or pork markets in Jerusalem, except in a few places where liquor and swine's flesh were sold to the Europeans. The Moslems neither eat pork nor drink alcoholic beverages.

We went from David Street to the largest Jewish synagogue in Jerusalem. It is beautifully constructed and artistically decorated. Two women who were scrubbing the floor, were not pleased with our being admitted, but after we gave them a piece of

SOLOMON'S STABLES

money, they gladly made way for us.

There are 167 Jewish synagogues in Jerusalem. Some of these are only large enough for a few Jewish families to worship in.

The sons of Jacob here, as everywhere else, are a separate and distinct people, with their own markets, schools, and synagogues.

On Friday afternoon, in a shower of rain, we visited the wailing place of the Jews, reaching there just after the company of wailers had dispersed. Some of the stones in the wall have been kissed until they are worn smooth. This particular wall, surrounding part of the Temple site, is 156 feet in length and 56 feet high. Men often sit here for hours reading the Hebrew Bible.

On Friday, toward evening, the following litany is chanted:

Leader: For the palace that lies desolate:—Response: We sit in solitude and mourn.

L. For the palace that is destroyed:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For the walls that are overthrown:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For our majesty that is departed:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For our great men who lie dead:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For the precious stones that are burned:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For the priests who have stumbled:—R. We sit, etc.

L. For our priests who have despised Him:—R. We sit, etc.

Another antiphon is as follows:

Leader: We pray thee, have mercy on Zion!—Response: Gather the children of Isarel.

L. Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion!—R. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem.

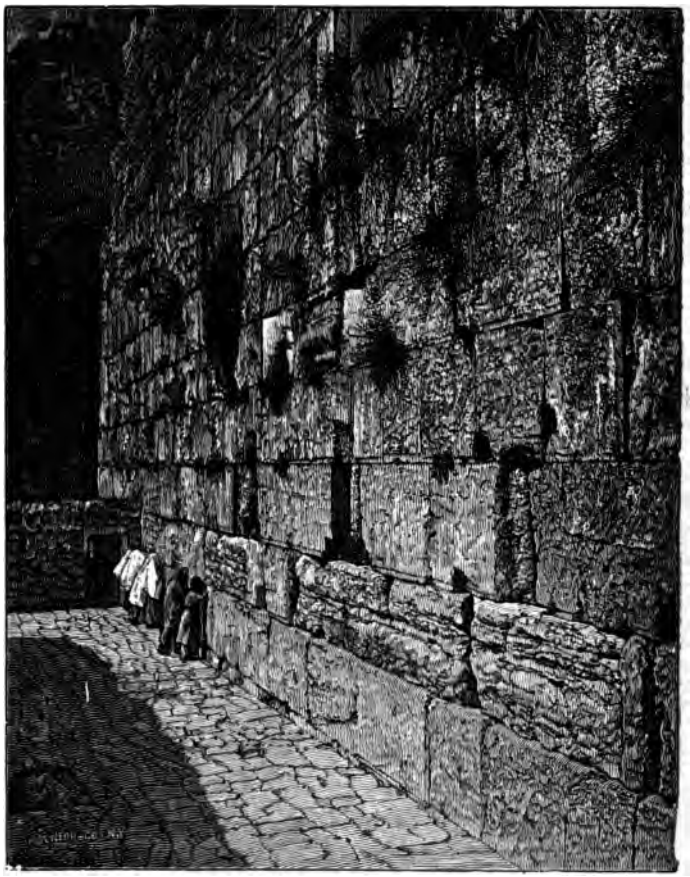
L. May beauty and majesty surround Zion!—R. Ah! Turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.

L. May the kingdom soon return to Zion!—R. Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem.

L. May peace and joy abide at Zion!—R. And the Branch (of Jesse) spring up at Jerusalem.

How can any one be so unwise as to believe that God has not put it into the hearts of these Jews to pray and weep over the desolation of Zion? Their tears should be a rebuke to every person in Christendom who fails to pray for the restoration of Israel.

The great Mosque of Omar is situated on the Temple site. There is a great rock under the dome of this massive structure which the Moslems say is the identical place where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac when the angel of the Lord stayed his hand.



WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS

I had heard and read much about this famous mosque, but my interest was never truly awakened until I stood within its courts and under its lofty dome. The rock spoken of before is 58 feet long and 44 feet wide. The Moslems believe that it covers the mouth of an abyss with a subterranean torrent, the waters of which can be heard roaring beneath.

According to Jewish tradition, Melchizedec also sacrificed here. There were traces of a channel in the side of the rock, which it is said had been made for carrying away the blood. The Mohammedans think this stone hovers over the abyss without support. Their tradition is that the rock was desirous of accompanying Mohammed to heaven and that the angel Gabriel was obliged to hold it down, the marks of his finger-prints in the stone still being visible.

The rock itself is securely enclosed by a strong railing, on the inside of which no foot is allowed to tread. It is considered a great condescension on the part of the Mohammedans to allow any person whose faith is contrary to their own to see it. Therefore all who are admitted must have military protection, that is, they must be accompanied by

officers or soldiers who have been commissioned by the Consul Generals of different nations at Jerusalem.

Our guide secured a person in native dress at the American Consulate to accompany us. He walked within a few feet of us until we left the grounds.

The interior of the Mosque of Omar is considered so sacred that visitors must put on slippers provided for them before entering. This great building is lighted up only once a year, on a special festal day.

Thousands of yards of floor are covered with costly rugs. I asked our guide to give us some idea of what a certain rug was worth. He said, "I am not quite sure, but I think about $500 would be a reasonable price for it." There were many others in different patterns just as valuable.

Inside of the north entrance of the mosque there is a slab of jasper, into which, tradition says, Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails. A nail falls out at the end of every epoch; and when the last one has disappeared, the end of the world will come. On a certain day, the devil succeeded in destroying all but three and one-half of these nails, but fortunately he was

MOSQUE OF OMAR

discovered and stopped by the angel Gabriel. There is no doubt whatever in the minds of the Moslems but that this tradition is true.

A person who guards these nails told me that if I would put a half franc on the half nail I could get halfway to heaven; and if I put a whole franc (twenty cents) on a whole nail I would go all the way. I told him, of course, that I wanted to go all the way to heaven; and placed a whole franc on the head of one of the nails. Our interpreter remarked that he had gone to heaven in this way as many as fifty times.

While there is much uncertainty connected with the historical places in and about Jerusalem, there is no doubt that the Mosque of Omar is situated on the site where Solomon's Temple once stood. Yet there has been nothing found that has been positively known to be a part of the ancient temple. The portions of the temple over which there is controversy are credited to both Solomon and Herod. However, I am not greatly concerned about any of these things. It was enough for me to know that I was in the identical place where Jerusalem of old stood.

It is revolting to one who has the spirit of

MT. ZION

Christ to see the idolatry of different religious sects practised in Jerusalem. Revelation 21:8 says that all idolaters shall have their part in the lake of fire.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, about which the various sects gather to go through their forms of worship, is probably not the real burial place of Christ. Neither have I any idea that the place called Calvary is the mount of crucifixion.

The idolatry connected with these places shows the frailty of human nature in matters pertaining to religion. People permit themselves to be deceived in religion when they would not do so in other things. They are satisfied with mere forms and ceremonies, and go on in their blindness and stupidity, worshiping the creature more than the Creator.

Long pilgrimages are continually being made by pilgrims to the Holy Land, as if this would merit divine favor.

I thought of the serpent of brass that Moses made and lifted up on a pole. In the days of Hezekiah, about 700 years later, this same piece of brass, or something that represented it, was worshiped as an idol. Hezekiah with holy indignation called it "Nehushtan" (a

thing of brass); and ground it to powder.

Roman Catholicism, with its worship of idols, is the curse of all Christendom; and some Protestant sects are not much better. The devil is never better satisfied than when he gets people to pin their faith to anything apart from Jesus. Oh, that deluded souls everywhere might get their eyes open to what it means to be born of the Spirit, and to be sanctified and kept free from sin through the blood of Christ! Then the worship of relics, bones, images, and places would have no part in religion. Jesus tried to teach this most important lesson to the woman at the well of Samaria, who claimed that the place to worship Jehovah was Mt. Gerizim, (near where the well of Jacob was located), because her forefathers had worshiped there.

Jesus assured her that the time would come when neither in that mountain nor at Jerusalem would men worship the Father, but those who worshiped Him would worship Him in spirit and in truth: "for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

CHAPTER X

A STUDY OF THE PEOPLE

AFTER seeing the Moslems and learning more about them, many of my former ideas concerning them were changed. I had read so much of their cruelty, slavery of women, and devotion to the Koran, I had about come to the conclusion that there was no good in them. But I did not find them utterly void of good principles.

At first, their dark skins, peculiar dress, and piercing eyes, made me afraid to trust them to do even small favors. They talk incessantly,—a trait characteristic of the Orientals.

To my surprise many of the tourists were as unconcerned in dealing with them as they were with the Europeans. I had had the idea that the sons of Islam looked on foreigners as intruders and were hostile toward them. This is a mistake, for they anxiously await the arrival of every ship, glad to have the visitors come. Many of them speak the Euro-

NATIVES EATING DINNER

pean language; and in this way increase their business by correspondence and by soliciting their patronage.

They recognize the nationality of people at sight, and are always careful to address them in a pleasing manner. It is remarkable how quickly they pick up the languages,—it would put the average American to shame.

Preparation for foreign missionary work requires the study of languages, but there are not many Americans who will persevere in this. They seem to prefer to wait until they are forced to learn; and while they wait many of their opportunities are lost forever.

A deficient memory is a great hindrance to success in any vocation in life. The study of languages strengthens the memory. Paul says in 1 Corinthians 15:1-2, "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; By which also ye are saved, IF YE KEEP IN MEMORY WHAT I PREACHED UNTO YOU, unless ye have believed in vain." When people forget their past blessings, and also fail to fortify themselves where they are weak, they degenerate rapidly, being unable to overcome temptation.

Therefore we are commanded to watch, and pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks.

Israel celebrated their victories by putting up monuments of stone, or otherwise marking the places where battles had been won or new epochs begun. They did this in order to impress upon their minds the importance of looking to Jehovah that His arm of strength might be made bare when they were sorely pressed by the enemy. Their posterity also had to be taught, lest they should depart from the tradition of their fathers, and forget God.

The Orientals have remarkable memories. They seem to have no difficulty in remembering names, faces, and incidents. The simplicity of their lives accounts for this. The more civilized races have but little judgment as to what they should allow the mind to feed upon. They have never learned the secret of closing its chambers and forbidding those things to enter which are of a depressing nature, or which would unnecessarily burden it.

There is no time when the mind is given greater scope or laxity than when in new places and environments. The eyes are often strained

THE PLAIN OF JERICHO AND DEAD SEA FROM OLIVET

on a rapidly moving train by fixing them on receding objects. If this is kept up day after day, severe headaches or a complete collapse of the nerves may follow. The servant of the Lord should guard his physical powers carefully, as well as to see that his soul gets the proper nourishment.

To keep composed among the rabble of the Old World is trying on the strongest constitution; and some people who travel in search of health become physical wrecks because they do not know how to gird up the mind. The child of God should remember that he is bought with a price, that he is not seeking to do his own will, but the will of the Father.

During my travels I often close my eyes to scenes before me, and turn a deaf ear to the voices and sounds that would detract from the one great object in view,—that is, to glorify God. It is necessary to do this in order to keep up the line of communication; and, amidst all the turmoil and confusion, to be able to hear the voice of the Great Guide and Comforter.

There was an unexpressed plea from the people of the Orient who were reaching out their hands to us for help. My heart was touched from day to day as I looked upon

them in their misery and woe. Many times I was reminded of the experience of Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate, where the cripple lay, asking for alms. Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none, But such as I have give I thee." He then commanded him to rise up and walk.

There is something obtainable in this world that is worth more than silver and gold. I have it,—but how to reach these poor, deluded sons of Ishmael is the question. They have been so long under religious tyranny that it will take the mighty power of God to break down the barriers, and to get the Gospel to them. But all things are possible with Him. His heart is touched with pity for them as it was for Ishmael and his Egyptian mother when they were cast out into the desert. A bottle of water was provided for them there; a type of the waters of salvation that will flow out from Jerusalem after the restoration of Israel.

Many of the sons of Ishmael are good-natured and kindly disposed. Many times my heart was touched with little deeds of kindness which they performed; while at other times I found them very unreliable and up to all the "tricks of the trade". It was a frequent oc-

PORTER

currence to see some of them trying to humiliate persons with whom they had had some dealings, by telling in the presence of others that they had been cheated out of money that was promised them for service; and thus by embarrassment compel the tourists to give more than was due them, most of whom did so in order to avoid annoyance and humiliation.

On one occasion one of these unscrupulous natives was paid eight francs for handling our baggage. He slipped three francs into his pocket and went around to other passengers on board the ship, showing them the five francs, and telling them we had treated him very badly. This was his way to try to force us to give him more money than we had bargained for. He was dressed in European clothes and was far superior to many others of his trade in appearance and manners. As a rule, those who wear European dress are the most unreliable.

They often carry great loads on their backs and heads. I saw one man going through the streets with as many as three medium-sized trunks on his back and some hand baggage besides. He was barefooted and bent almost double under the burden, and

his toes were spread out much like those of a camel; and his great muscles and bare limbs seemed almost like bars of steel. I recognized my own trunk on the back of one of these carriers. He was wending his way through a narrow street at Jaffa, where he scarcely had room to pass without bumping others. The company that we had engaged to deliver our baggage had no doubt hired him for a few matlicks (pennies) to carry it to its destination. These natives carry thousands of bushels of oranges from the groves to the ships. They are fortunate to own a donkey or a camel as a beast of burden.

The great cry in Palestine, even from the Turks themselves, is for a change of government. They believe strongly that there is going to be a change soon; and are anxiously waiting for it. I feel sure they will not be disappointed. I believe that measures will soon be taken to compel Turkey to let go Palestine, and that this country will revert to God's ancient people. England could have a protectorate over it until the Jews were able to assume their own responsibility.

As it now stands, the Turkish government hinders Jewish immigration by forcing young

men to enter the army and compelling them to serve with scarcely enough food, at times, to keep soul and body together. The Kosher food is denied the Jews; and if they eat what is provided for them they are compelled to do violence to their consciences. The only way to escape service in the army is by paying fifty pounds and serving three months; and of course this exemption holds good only in time of peace. Only a few Hebrew families in Palestine are able to pay this sum; and one can imagine the burden of such an expense, especially where there is a number of sons in the family. Many Hebrew families that entered Palestine after the removal of the former Sultan have been compelled to leave on this account. The Turkish government in Palestine is like an old shoe ready to fall off; and every one wants to see it go. God is hearing the cry of the people; and deliverance is nearer than many suppose. (This was brought about when Palestine fell into the hands of the British under General Allenby, 1918.)

The olive trees have been so heavily taxed, the poorer classes have had to cut them down and sell them for wood. One dollar a tree is an enormous tax, yet this is the sum levied on

CAMELS LOADED WITH OLIVE WOOD

them. The olive tree bears only every other year; and in the past few years, many who were too poor to pay the tax, disposed of their trees and went to the cities to beg for a living.

Prophecy says that the land shall be trodden down until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled. Turkish rule has been best adapted to the desolation of the land, but as now the Gentile Age draws to a close and signs of the restoration begin to loom up above the horizon, it is encouraging to know that the tyranny of the Turk must come to an end.

As I write these lines, I feel the inspiration of the Spirit; and know that the angel of mercy lingers near. God and angels are interested in the patrimony of Jacob; and every Christian should be interested in that which concerns the Almighty. Readers, unite with us in prayer in behalf of Israel and the land where Christ poured out His blood to redeem a lost world.

It is not according to prophecy that all Israel will return, but a remnant shall be gathered back, through whom God will work to consummate the plan of redemption in bringing about the conversion of the world.

CHAPTER XI

JERUSALEM, CALVARY, VIA DOLOROSA

OUR readers will understand that there are two Calvaries; the one inside the city walls is in possession of the Greek Catholics; and is generally accepted as being the real Calvary. Several English authorities, including the late General Gordon, have regarded the hill immediately above the grotto of Jeremiah, as the true Golgotha; and one of the rock tombs there as the sepulchre of Christ. This hill is skull-shaped, and is on the outside of the wall of the city.

In all probability this is the Calvary of the Bible, even though tradition locates it in the other place. As to the very spot where Christ was crucified, this does not greatly concern the true believer who rejoices in the fact that through the atoning blood of Christ he has passed from death unto life. People who know nothing about vital Christianity are greatly concerned about the material things

associated with events in His life and death.

I walked over a part of the Via Dolorosa,—the street of pain, or the way of the Cross. It has fourteen stations, starting from the chapel in the Turkish barracks. Tradition says that the cross was laid upon Christ below the steps ascending into the barracks. Next is a large, handsome building belonging to the Sisters of Zion. An arch crosses the street here called, the Ecce Homo Arch, marking the place where the Roman governor said, "Behold the man" (John 19:5). This arch, which has been there for centuries, was probably built by the Romans for triumphal entries. The church of the Sisters of Zion is an important station partly built in the rock.

The Catholic sister who took us through its interior, showed us the place under the arch where she and others spent hours each day in devotion. Stones had been taken from the pavement and used in the construction of the altar. Under the church is traced the Roman pavement to the full breadth of the larger arch.

The thing that impressed me most was the belief of these people who claimed to be Christians, that if they worshiped these stones, they would merit the favor of God. God will save

FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM

people anywhere when conditions are met, hence the command to worship Him in spirit and in truth. Jesus said, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come." Not every one could be with Jesus in His travels. There were only a few who could follow Him along the dusty highways, or seek the places of His retirement where they might have the opportunity of conversing with Him. His mission was to all mankind; and the work of transforming the hearts of men could be accomplished better through the instrumentality of the Holy Spirit than by His own immediate presence in the body.

If it were otherwise, there might be some value put on material objects and places. The interview that the Samaritan woman had with Jesus at the well of Samaria, forever settles all controversy on this question.

Those who have no vital Christian experience know nothing of what it means to worship Christ in spirit and in truth; because their affections twine around material things. Man is a religious being naturally; and the cravings of his nature must be satisfied by worshiping something. In the baser forms of idolatry

AN ORIENTAL CARAVAN

he will bow down and worship wood and stone.

True Christianity lifts people up above all of these things. When once the witness of the Spirit is attained, they will no longer be the victims of superstition, harassed with doubts and fears.

The sister who kindly took us about the "sacred" structure, showed that her devotion to the stones was much greater than her love for Christ himself. She pointed to those, where, tradition said, He carried His cross, and then with clasped hands and in a subdued voice, said, "Oh, so holy, so holy."

If such persons could only experience the new birth, what a transformation in their lives it would make! But, as it stands, the plain teachings of God's word are of but little consequence to them.

It is the custom of those in Oriental lands, who are given to idolatry, to take long journeys to the ancient places, that they may bow at shrines where they believe worship will be more effectual. The Mohammedans do this, always praying with their faces toward Mecca. Every son of Islam is supposed to start on a journey to Mecca, at least once during his lifetime.

There is a similar practice among the Russian Greek-Catholics who make long pilgrimages on foot to Jerusalem. They believe that if they should die on such a journey, that their chances of heaven would be far more favorable.

The third station along the Via Dolorosa is marked by a broken column where Christ sank under the weight of the cross. Near to this place, tradition locates the house of the poor man (Lazarus), beyond which, opposite a lane, is the fourth station, where Christ met His mother. At the next street coming from the right, the Via Dolorosa turns to the west and joins Tarik-el-Alam, or the route of suffering. Close by is the Roman house of Dives (the rich man), of which there is no mention before the fifteenth century. This house is built of vari-colored stones and has a small balcony. Here is the fifth station, where Simon of Cyrene took the cross from Christ. A stone built into the next house to the left has a depression in it, said to have been caused by the hand of Christ.

After ascending the street about one hundred paces the sixth station is reached. To the left is the house and tomb of Saint Ver-

VIA DOLOROSA—STREET OF PAIN

onica (a United Greek chapel). They tell us that Veronica wiped off the sweat from the Savior's brow, whereupon His visage remained imprinted upon her handkerchief. The house is shown where they say Christ leaned before He fell the second time. The seventh station is where the street crosses the lane from the Damascus Gate, through which He left the city. A hole in a stone of the Greek Monastery marks the eighth station. The Via Dolorosa ends here.

The ninth station is in front of the Coptic Monastery, where Christ sank under the weight of the cross. The last five stations are in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The tenth is by a ring of stone in the pavement of the Golgotha chapel where they say Christ was undressed. The eleventh, where He was nailed to the cross, is in front of the altar. The twelfth, that of the raising of the cross, is in the adjacent Greek chapel. The thirteenth, where He was taken from the cross, is at an altar between the eleventh and twelfth stations. And lastly, the fourteenth is by the Holy Sepulcher.

The various records of pilgrimages show that the traditional places have been frequently

changed. Many visit them and much money is expended. Some good, perhaps, is being accomplished—that of keeping in mind that the Jews are God's chosen earthly people, and that His promise to Abraham will yet be fulfilled in their home gathering. The money which the tourist puts into circulation helps the poor in some measure. Apart from this there can be but little benefit derived from their visiting Palestine. Most of them have no real interest in the restoration of the Jews, neither are they interested in the poor, half-clad, half-starved natives, who are helpless under the heel of oppression.

If the various denominations in the Holy Land had salvation, they would have the interest of the Jews at heart, and would be used of God to enlighten them in spiritual things. But their roots have withered in the ground and they have only a form left.

Protestant religion that consists of forms and ceremonies is only a step in advance of Islam, which consists in the observance of five duties: (1) bearing witness that there is but one God; (2) reciting daily prayers; (3) giving the legal alms; (4) observing the Ramazan, or month's fast; and (5) making the pilgrim-

A GROUP OF BEGGARS

age to Mecca once in a lifetime. Any kind of worship that is devoid of spiritual life brings people into bondage, which in some instances is worse than slavery. All the progress that has been made in civilized lands is due to vital Christianity. It has resulted in the making of better laws; churches may apostatize, but all is not lost.

The world is ripening for the tribulation judgments; the old ecclesiasticisms will have to suffer the penalty of their sins. They are destined to become the storm center of God's wrath, when rulers and kings are being shaken from their thrones, preparatory to Christ's rulership of the world.

CHAPTER XII

JERUSALEM—IN A SNOW STORM

ON Saturday, accompanied by our Chaldean guide and his assistant, our party started on horseback to the Mount of Olives. We went by the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat. Before reaching the top, I found it difficult to keep my seat on the horse; and had to turn back in a blinding snow storm, which overtook us after we started. Most people have the idea that a snow storm is unknown in Palestine, but this is a mistake. There was an unusual amount of snow in February, making the roads almost impassable.

I regretted having missed a view of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea from the Mount of Olives.

On my way back to the city, accompanied by our guide's assistant, I had a perilous trip in the storm, battling against the wind. My escort, who was a young Arab, could speak only a few words of English. He rode a mule,

DAN, SOURCE OF JORDAN

keeping a few feet behind me, and continually crying out to my horse. The animal seemed to understand him and would turn to the right or the left as directed.

Sometimes the people along the road would shout at the Arab, and he would smile and answer back. Before reaching the gate in the wall of the city, it became necessary to dismount and have the saddle adjusted. The Arab had no gloves, and his fingers were stiff with cold. While he was trying to tighten the saddle girth, the horse and the mule began to fight, and the horse broke away. I had gone on ahead to find a place to remount and had the good luck to catch the runaway horse as he came up the hill. My escort tied his mule to a stone fence and tried again to tighten the girth. During this time I took hold of the saddle to see if it was sufficiently tight; and suddenly he shouted, "Stop, Madam! Stop, Madam!" He spoke as one having authority, a true characteristic of Moslems when speaking to women.

After reaching the city wall, the storm partly subsided. The ride from there through the city to the hotel was very interesting. Many of the houses were so low it seemed I

was looking down on their roofs. There were only a few persons in the streets. The multitudes that usually throng the streets of the ancient city had found shelter somewhere, but by the time we had reached the hotel, a number of beggars were on my track asking for alms.

After being seated once more in the hotel by the fire and thinking of my adventures in the storm and the scenes of poverty in Jerusalem, I could not restrain the tears. There are thousands of people with no fuel and many with but little food or shelter. I could not help but draw the contrast between them and the people of my own native land, where there is an abundance of everything. They waste a thousand times more than what the population of Palestine could live on.

Wood can scarcely be had in Jerusalem at any price. An armful of olive wood,—enough to make a fire in a small stove,—costs an English shilling, or twenty-five cents. I noticed some oil stoves were being used. Fires made of wood are more expensive than those of oil, and burn out quickly. Fancy souvenirs highly polished are made of olive wood, most of which are hand made, but sell at a mere trifle.

The natives are great smokers and gossipers. In the cities the men have many haunts; and while they do not drink intoxicating liquors, they may be seen almost any time of the day sipping their coffee, smoking their pipes,

MOSLEM SMOKING

and having a good time generally. The Jews spend their time at their places of business or with their families. Their home ties are very strong. God is especially interested in Israel, and He is also interested in the descendants of Ishmael. When the bondwoman and her son were cast out, He provided for them in the desert; and the sons of Ishmael will yet have

their thirst quenched by the waters of salvation that will flow out from Jerusalem.

Sunday, the 19th of February, the sky was clear, but the melting snow and slush of the streets made them almost impassable. Wishing to attend services somewhere, our party started out, and after some difficulty succeeded in reaching the American church, where we found a number of persons in attendance that were on the ship with us in the storm.

In the afternoon, I felt clear that my mission in Jerusalem was accomplished; and we left the next morning for Jaffa.

After the confusion connected with the registering of our baggage at the station, and finding seats in the train, we were soon winding around the mountainside and viewing more carefully the terraced hills than we did before. I thought of the lack of economy in America, where so many thousands of acres of land are untilled, which, if accessible in European and Oriental countries would be eagerly cultivated.

All the way to the Plain of Sharon my mind went back to the scenes we had left, in the meantime praying that the Lord would hasten the change which so many desired and some were expecting to take place soon. Every-

THE DEAD SEA

where the clamor for existence by the poor had greeted us; and I wished a thousand times that I was able to do something of worth for them. I thought of the statement of a benevolent person who traveled in Italy some years ago. From day to day he looked into the faces of those who were deprived of the necessities of life; and after reaching the place where he could no longer bear it, he cried, "Why does not the heart of God break?"

Instantly he saw the crucified Redeemer as He hung on the cross, pouring out His blood for a lost world; and with a new revelation of His love for humanity, he cried, "The heart of God did break."

When the soldiers pierced the side of Jesus, out of the wound flowed blood and water. This, it is said, was the result of a broken heart. How little, under certain conditions, can we do, at best, to relieve suffering; and should we fall short of this there will be much for which to give account.

Our train stopped at a station named Ramleh, where we were confronted by a number of people who were in the condition I have just described. There were young and old and middle-aged, all waiting for the train,

hoping to get money from the passengers.

A boy, about ten years of age, had picked a bouquet of wild flowers; and carried them until they were wilted. He handed them to me and asked for a gift. When those who stood by saw that I gave him a few "matlicks" (pennies) they were greatly pleased and excited; and so great was the clamor at my window that all eyes were turned in that direction. There were at least a dozen who kept up a continual demonstration in their plea for money. About half of them were children, the remainder were adults, but all were equally persistent. I gave out about forty "matlicks" to the younger ones, but the difficulty was in getting the coins to those for whom they were intended. The stronger boys pushed the smaller ones away; and good-naturedly took hold of my fingers and tried to take the coins by force. Some of the adults came to my assistance and waited for directions as to who should be the next to have a coin. When one was designated, others were ready to keep the older boys from crowding him away.

A little half-blind boy cried bitterly because he thought there was no show for him. I asked for him to be brought to the window;

ASKING FOR ALMS

and I gave him a silver coin. This increased the excitement. Another silver coin was given to a boy who seemed to have become discouraged at the very beginning, but a shout went up from the company when they saw what he had received.

The bell was ringing to start; and the poorly-clad, half-blind man who had held the boys up to receive the money, stood silent; and with a pitiful look and upturned palm, waited for a coin. I handed him my last silver coin amid the uproarious demonstrations of all. The Lord blest me in making these small gifts; and I felt that if I had ten thousand pounds, I would like to go through the country, giving to the people under the heel of the Islam power.

Jesus said to His disciples, "Ye have the poor with you always;" and also, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The wealthy tourists gave out their money, but I noticed it was to those who showed them favors. "Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. * * * And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same" (Luke 6:30-33).

CHAPTER XIII

JERUSALEM, AND HOMEWARD

WHEN our party reached Jaffa we wished to go immediately to the *Kossier,* a small Khedevial-British mail steamer, lying out in the harbor, on which we were to sail. But as we had paid at Jerusalem for our transfer to this boat, they were in no hurry to take us out. They were busy securing the patronage of other passengers. This gave us a few more hours at Jaffa.

The streets were so crowded we had to elbow our way through. As is the custom, the shop-keepers came out to sell us their goods, even following us for some distance from their places of business. We passed an Arab carrying a small wagon-load of goods on his back, and a native leading a camel near-by with a load heavy enough to almost crush him.

As I looked upon the heavily-laden man and the beast, I felt they represented the cruelty of the Turkish power in its oppression.

JAFFA FROM THE BEACH

Cruelty to animals was everywhere seen. More than once I had to plead with our drivers to desist from using the whip so freely. They would check up for a time, but soon forget in their rivalry with other coachmen for business and would resort to the lash again. Frequently our drive was spoiled by the cruelty shown to the horses.

I had been taught to believe that Arabs are kind to their horses, but I failed to see it; and wished many times that the humane laws of our own country could be enforced in the Orient.

Girls there are not turned out into the streets as they are in Europe and America; and often at the age of ten, eleven, and twelve years are given in marriage. After their espousal they are often seen in company with married women.

Mothers, with great loaded market-baskets on their heads, were often seen carrying with one arm, boys who were old and strong enough to walk.

At three o'clock our party went down to the shore to board the ship. There was quite a swell and the waves were high. In our boat there were six passengers, and twelve natives

JAFFA, FROM THE BEACH

to handle the oars. They worked in unison. One would give the warning by uttering a few words, others would repeat them after him and at the same time give all their strength to the oars.

The rocks were soon passed and we found ourselves on board the ship. I could scarcely make my way to my stateroom on account of so many boxes of oranges on deck. After the hold had been stored to its utmost capacity the decks were covered with them. A large basket containing about two dozen could be bought for two francs (forty cents). Some persons filled their hand baggage with these Jaffa oranges; and found when reaching France that they had to pay a duty on them.

Many Americans spend small fortunes for souvenirs. In Egypt fabulous sums are paid for rich, Oriental tapestries, laces, and handsomely-decorated wares. The bazaars of Cairo in their display of costly materials are indescribable. The salesmen at these places are trained to perfection. When a stranger comes in sight they begin to exhibit their goods, each trying to outdo the other. In a subdued voice they will say, over and over again, "We do not ask you to buy, but just to

look. Walk around, take your time; and see what we have." They are careful to conceal prices until they succeed in awakening a keen interest and get some idea as to the amount of money the prospective purchaser may have.

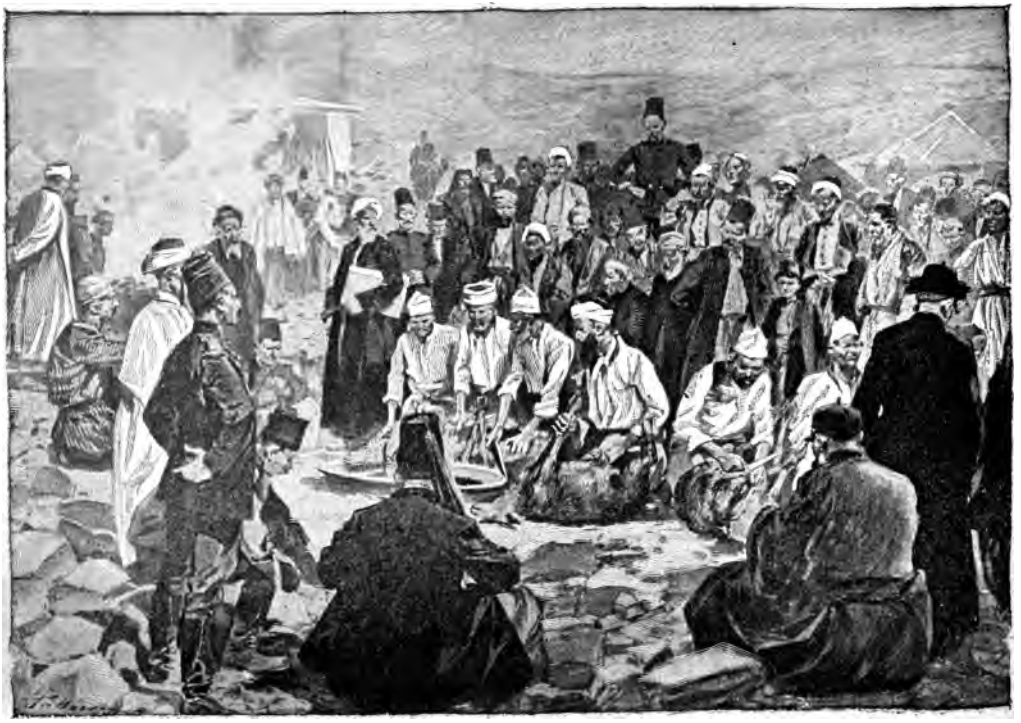
Our party succeeded in getting through a narrow street in one of the most famous bazaars of Cairo. It was a veritable Vanity Fair, with the flashing gems and dazzling fabrics. After having visited this place once I had no desire to go again. I thought of Bunyan's pilgrim who placed his fingers in his ears and ran from the City of Destruction, crying, "Life, life, eternal life."

We reached Port Said about nine o'clock the next morning. Here our ship lay in the harbor nearly all day, giving us an opportunity to see the Suez Canal. An Arab and his son took us to the mouth of the canal in a small boat. I enjoyed the trip very much; and it was made more interesting from the fact that our guide could speak English. He had been acting as interpreter at this port for many years and had many testimonials as to his efficiency from noted Americans and Europeans. He gave us much valuable information concerning the canal.

I asked him how he had learned to speak English. He said, "I have never been to an English school; it has been a matter of necessity with me. I not only have had to learn English, but French, German, and other languages, in order to make a living for my family. I catch the words from foreigners and find out their meaning. I am teaching my boy to do the same thing. It is not difficult to make money here when we understand the languages."

Shop-keepers seem to think it an injustice for a visitor to leave without making purchases of them. At Port Said, a shop-keeper was greatly pleased when one of our party purchased a "fez,"—a red felt crown with a black silk tassel. The "fez" is often used as a crown for the turban. He placed the "fez" on the head of the purchaser and smiled approvingly, as much as to say, "You never looked better in your life."

Wednesday morning, February 22d, we reached Alexandria. The German ship on which we expected to sail for Naples was full; and our only alternative was to stay in Alexandria three days and take a French steamer for Marseilles. I was not disappointed to



GROUP OF MOSLEMS, SHOWING FEZ AND TURBAN

have to go home by the way of London: for there were some important matters in connection with the work there that needed my attention.

On reaching Alexandria, it was quite different from our landing at that place a few weeks before. I had become so well acquainted with the people and their ways that by this time I felt very much at home.

There was a temporary fence on the dock around the entrance to the ship, at the gate of which two policemen stood to prevent hotel runners and others from going on board the ship until official orders were given. The people crowded one another and refused to obey until the officers had to take their sticks and beat them back. In their persistency to get the passengers' luggage they took the blows as unconcernedly as though they had no feeling. We were finally permitted to go through the gate. The only way to escape being pulled almost into pieces was to give them to understand that a Cook's representative had been engaged, and their services were not needed.

We found apartments at the Suez Canal Hotel, an imposing modern structure, magnifi-

cently furnished. Our rooms overlooked the sea. We paid only three and a half francs (seventy cents) a day, each. We were able to secure these rates from the fact that there were only a few guests in the hotel at this time; and thus the Lord continually opened the way, showing us special favors even in the smallest details of the trip.

Alexandria is almost a modern city; and the spiritual atmosphere here was much clearer than in Cairo and Palestine.

We hired a coachman to take us down the famed "Mahmudiyeh Canal" road. There were a few white clouds in the sky, the flowers were in bloom and the birds sang their sweet songs. All along the canal we saw bricks on boats, which had been made by the natives. This took us back to the Exodus, when the children of Israel were delivered from their taskmasters. They were compelled to make bricks without straw; and God heard their cries and brought about deliverance.

Nearly four thousand years have passed, but I felt that it had been but yesterday since Moses led the host to the Red Sea. God broke Egypt's arm of power and brought her king down into the dust. Egypt is a type of

STONE TEMPLE, SPHINX, AND PYRAMIDS

the world power which exalts itself and refuses to take counsel from the Almighty.

Egypt also symbolizes the old Adam nature, which caused the Son of God to be put to death on the cross and seeks to dominate not only the individual, but the whole human race.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO LONDON

ON the 24th of February, our party left Alexandria on board the *Sidney* for Southern France. During the voyage I had a good opportunity to study the character of a number of the followers of Mohammed. There were also a number of Greek Catholic priests on board. Four Mohammedans and the priests ate at our table. The Mohammedans did not remove their turbans when they ate, two of whom were always in flowing robes, while the other two sometimes appeared in European dress.

The chief was a superintendent of schools in Egypt. He was taking the other three to France to put them in school, on funds that he had solicited, to prepare them for the Islam priesthood, or muezzins, as they are called.

They pinned their "serviettes" around their necks and were at a loss to know how to handle their knives and forks. Usually they

laid them aside and ate with their fingers. Their bill of fare was much like that of our own people. I noticed they lived mostly on vegetables, the tender Egyptian radish being a favorite with them. There were several kinds of wine on the table, but no true Moslem ever puts the wine cup to his lips, neither does he defile himelf with swine's flesh.

The chief of this Islam party was the only person that we found on board the first few days that could speak English intelligently. He seemed to take pleasure, on several occasions, in acting as our interpreter. He talked freely about the European and American schools; and said if we ever wanted some one to teach Arabic in our school, to let him know and he would send us a good teacher.

At Alexandria, about 200 persons gathered about to bid these men farewell. Most of them were young men from the schools of Cairo and Alexandria. They made a number of speeches in their characteristic way. The Moslems never shake hands or remove their head-dress as an act of courtesy or salutation. The color of their head-dress designates their religious caste; and it would be considered entirely out of place to remove it. It is not an

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

uncommon thing to see the men embrace and kiss one another in public places. I never saw more affectionate good-byes. They went so far as to secure boats and follow the ship out to where the pilot was transferred to another vessel, and kept up their demonstrations until we lost sight of them.

Our Islam friends on board observed their religious rites as faithfully as though they were worshiping in a mosque. Before the ship was out of the harbor they selected a place on deck to pray; and once or twice every day they could be seen prostrated, with their faces toward Mecca. One of the four was a little timid in his religious exercises before strangers, but the other three seemed to be oblivious to all about them.

The three young men were studying English and French under their chief; and could be seen with their books at all times of the day.

I was anxious to see whether they would lay aside their robes and attire themselves in European dress when they reached France, but they did not do so. They made a greater display than ever of their bright-colored silks and satins.

The priests on board had spent some years

in Palestine. They were simple in their manners, and apparently very honest and devout. They drank wine freely at every meal. Then they would rise from the table and cross themselves and repeat something in a foreign tongue. They ate pork and other kinds of meat every day except Friday, when they confined themselves to a fruit and vegetable diet.

At the table, the Cross was on one side of me and the Crescent was on the other, but these devout worshipers were utterly ignorant of salvation. The darkness and superstition of the people in these two great religions is appalling, yet their fortresses seem to be almost impregnable. No power of reason or persuasion has any effect upon the blind followers of Mahomet or those who claim allegiance to the Pope. It will take the judgments of God to bring them down into the dust of humiliation.

On reaching Marseilles our ship was placed in quarantine; and the passengers were transferred to a small boat and taken to shore. We secured a person who could speak English to help us through the Customs and to the train. The weather was ideal; and we had a pleasant journey all the way to Paris, but when night

came we had to sit up in a crowded coach, with but little ventilation. The French people will ride for hours with every window closed; and the air is often so foul the passengers fall into a stupor and remain in this condition until they reach their destination. This is done by all classes.

The Americans and English will move about and battle with the foul-air fiend, even though their French neighbors make a protest. I found a window that could be let down from the top; and I spent a part of one night walking up and down a narrow passageway, trying to get the benefit of the fresh air, but no sooner would my back be turned than some one would close the window. I tried to make the guard understand that the air was bad, but without results.

In Paris we found a person who could speak English, who was ready to render us service. In learning a bit of his history, we found that for seventeen years he was associated with a well-known ex-Senator of Montana. He related several interesting events in connection with his relationship with him.

When he found that my niece was formerly from Montana he was more inter-

ested than ever, and seemed anxious to do all he could for our comfort.

The scenery between Paris and Dieppe surpassed all imagination. I was fairly dazed with its beauty.

The French have the reputation of being the most economical people in the world. The beauty and simplicity of their lawns, fields, and orchards, show that it is true. Every foot of ground is cultivated to the best advantage; and great care is taken of the shrubbery and trees.

On the English Channel we found a small boat of a hundred tons awaiting us. A brisk wind was blowing. The atmosphere was clear, but the sea was rough. The people went on board and took their places without scarcely speaking a word. I wondered what this silence meant, but it was not long until I found out. Some of them knew we were going much like sheep to the slaughter; and would not have had courage to undertake the voyage on such a small boat if they had not known it would last only a few hours. When my niece and I reached the ladies' apartment we found the passengers had been instructed to take a reclining position. Beside each person a large bowl was placed to receive the con-

SAIL BOATS ON THE CANAL

tents of the stomach. The sight of the bowls gave me some grave apprehensions; and I began to brace up for the conflict. I had trusted the Lord many times before and been kept from serious illness when others were suffering greatly; and I believed that He was able to keep me now. Once or twice I felt a peculiar sensation creep over me and thought I would have to yield to the mandates of the sea-god, but a little courage and faith won the victory. I never saw people suffer more than on this voyage. Some of them fairly counted the minutes, but it was all over when land was reached. A person asked the nurse if there was any remedy for sea-sickness. Her reply was, "Yes,—land." The nurses were all sick on this voyage. One I noticed was as pale as death. She tried to be courageous and keep up, but failed. I wondered why a boat of this size should be taken out on a rough sea.

Our train reached Victoria Station, London, about 7 p. m.; and we arrived at our Missionary Headquarters on Gloucester Road an hour later, and found the saints all well and victorious.

CHAPTER XV

CHARACTER SKETCHES

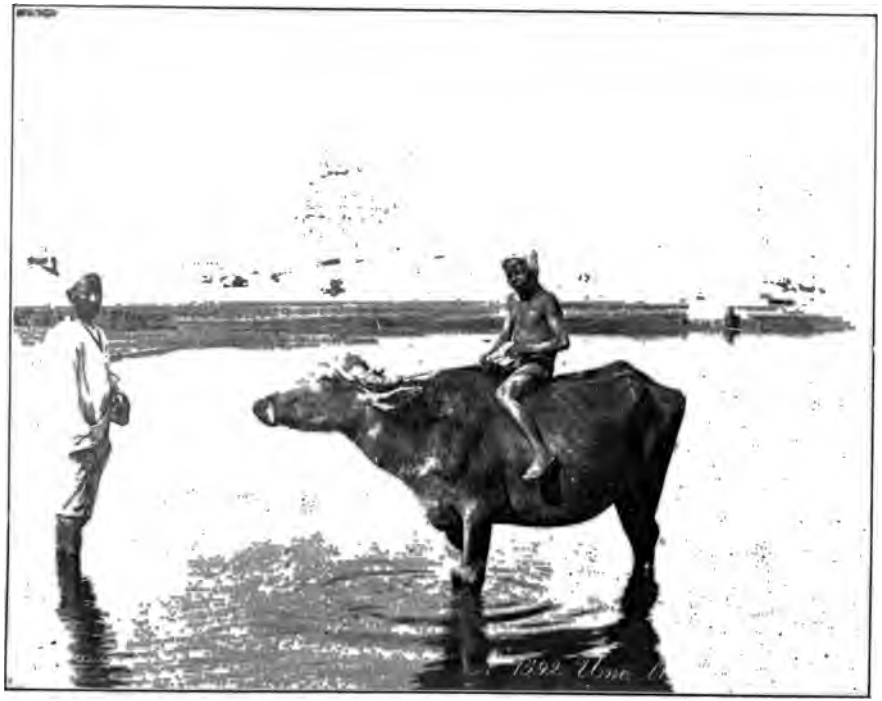
ON my trip to the Orient, I found some persons who made a lasting impression upon me. While on the voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria, a young woman sat on the deck of the ship for hours each day watching the sea gulls. She would smile and talk to them as though they were human beings; and often reach out both hands, then clasp them to her breast. For a time I hesitated to approach her, but later did so. I asked her why she watched the birds with such interest. She said, "Oh, I am thinking of the time when I shall have wings, too, and they will be as white and beautiful as the wings of these birds." Then she said, "Please tell me, Madam, what I can do to be better, so that some day I can be happy as they are. I am not bad," she continued, "but I often do things that I am sorry for afterwards. I have a quick temper and sometimes offend my friends. Will God

forgive all of this; and some day shall I have wings and fly as the birds do? Oh, could I know that I shall be happy after this life is over, what a satisfaction it would be! Indeed I would like to have wings and fly away just now."

With her eyes still fixed on the birds, she said, "Please tell me, Madam, who you are. Are you not some good woman who can tell me how to be happy? I believe you know. Must I be miserable forever because I have not always done right?"

Then she would hold out her hands again to the birds and talk to them. I succeeded in getting her attention from the birds for a short time. She told me she was the daughter of a Spanish Christian Jew; and that she was on her way to Jerusalem where her father and mother were engaged in Christian work among the Jewish people. She had a trained voice and had been teaching music and modern languages in a school in France. She spoke English, French, and German as fluently as if they were her native tongue.

While in her cabin she sang almost continuously, and at the table she would talk to her neighbors in English and French. Sometimes



AN EGYPTIAN COW

she would get offended and rebuke people for their lack of courtesy and good manners. A number of times she left the dining room offended before she had finished her meal. After such experiences she would go out on deck and talk to the birds. When I bade her good-bye at Alexandria she expressed a desire to meet me in Jerusalem and have me make the acquaintance of her parents, but I saw her no more.

This young woman had crowded her mind at the expense of her physical being and that of her soul, and had become the victim of evil spirits,—a mild form of insanity. It is the most difficult thing in the world to find people well-balanced; and modern schools and apostate churches are to blame for this.

When the nervous system collapses it is like tearing down the framework of the house, and demon possession often follows. There may be beautiful pieces of architecture in the debris that formed a part of the structure, but after the house crumbles there is nothing left but a mass of rubbish; and thenceforth it is worthless. When once the spiritual structure is overthrown, a person will become the rendezvous of religious demons; and when they

take full possession, the victim shows traits of insanity, yet may not manifest any dangerous symptoms.

These people go from place to place affiliating with those of like character, with a strangeness of speech and of spirit that shows them to be aliens to the kingdom of Christ.

Spiritism is nothing less than old-time witchcraft operating under other names. There is scarcely a place where people meet to worship God that there are not those making a profession, who are in the grip of evil spirits. They are usually very religious, claiming the gifts of Christ, often speaking in so-called tongues, etc.

Satan has his myrmidons fighting in the last ditch in this dispensation. These strange spirits claim to be the Holy Ghost, or in other words, God himself operating in human hearts. By their fruits ye shall know them. The victims of spiritism are continually seeking signs, professing to work miracles, and to heal diseases. Like the clairvoyants and palm-readers, they claim to be able to foretell the future; and take great pride in posing as prophets and prophetesses.

Often in their meetings they will work

themselves up almost to a frenzy, close their eyes, or set them on some far-off object, while they mutter or pretend to interpret the "tongues" of others. That strange things do happen, can not be doubted, as I have seen them perform "lying wonders" with my own eyes; and yet knowing their lives to be wholly out of accord with the word of God.

There are those who have not reached this degree of miracle-working who are just as much the victims of spirits. The fact is, they have failed to walk in the light and have grieved away the Spirit of God, and seven evil spirits have come and taken possession of them.

Unaware of this great change, they go on making a profession, deceived themselves, and deceiving others. Their condition is deplorable.

Another passenger on the *Congo* was a tall, dark-skinned Egyptian, who was kindly disposed, and ready to give us assistance when his services were acceptable. He helped Mr. and Mrs. Wolfram in the study of French. Every day he met them on deck and heard them recite their lesson. He took as much interest in teaching them as if he were being well paid. He was always on hand at the appointed hour; and gave them full time. They

GROVE OF PALMS, EGYPT

offered to pay him, but he refused to take anything.

He was a true follower of Mahomet, loyal to the Islam faith, and to his people. When he reached the docks at Alexandria he laid aside his derby hat and donned a "fez." He had been studying in France and was returning to Egypt to visit the tomb of his father who had died a short time before. It was touching to hear him lament his not having been able to reach the bedside of the deceased before his death. He spoke of him with great tenderness; and was trying to find an outlet for his grief in writing a poem to his memory.

I asked him what he expected to do after visiting his friends and the tomb of his father. He said, "I shall teach French in the Egyptian schools."

Christian workers should study character and be able to read men as they read books. It is an easy thing to shut oneself in with books, and fail to study human nature, which leads one into a far greater field of knowledge. "He that winneth souls is wise;" and to do this one must have a practical knowledge of human nature. The only way to get this is to mingle with people, yet one should keep oneself un-

spotted from the world or from being contaminated by false religious beliefs and practices. There are not many who can do this, from the fact that they are too easily influenced, and will go down under pressure that might be brought to bear upon them. In trying to win others, it is necessary for a person to see that he is not caught in the snares that will be laid for his own feet.

ADDENDUM

IT was the privilege of the writer and his wife to accompany the author on her trip to the Orient, and to act as amanuenses.

The author had long had a special interest in the Jewish people and saw clearly from the Scriptures that a remnant must be regathered to Palestine, where a glorious future awaits them. For many years she had been engaged in doing missionary work and holding revivals, which led to the launching out of the Pillar of Fire movement, and it had been impossible for her to leave her duties long enough to make a trip to the Orient. But, in the winter of 1911, the way was opened for her to make this eventful visit to Egypt and Palestine.

If she had delayed, other pressing duties would have interfered; and not only this, but wars soon broke out, and have raged with little intermission until the present time. Tur-

key and Italy, then the Balkan states, and finally the great powers became involved. It was the hand of God that led her to go to Palestine at the only time she could do so with satisfaction and profit.

During this trip, the prophecies of the Bible concerning the end of this age, together with the restoration of Israel, were impressed upon Mrs. White with new force. She was given glimpses into the future, and saw that the tribulation was near and would bring about rapid changes among the nations, especially in connection with Palestine.

Many of the incidents of the trip had special significance. When we were on the sea between Port Said and Jaffa, a violent storm arose, which threatened to sink the ship. Lightning struck the vessel, the cargo was shifted to one side, causing her to list badly, and adding to the danger. It was impossible to land at Jaffa in the storm, and the ship was headed for Cyprus and then Beyrout.

Storms are typical of wars, which, as all know, have been raging on the earth since that time, and will continue until the Jonah of this age, the Jew, is cast out of the Gentile nations into his own land. The lightning was sym-

bolic of God's wrath, which is being visited upon the nations for their sins, not the least of which is their treatment of Israel. God said to Abraham, "And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

Though the great nations have ceased their hostilities, there is no permanent peace in sight; and in the meantime internal strife is becoming more and more violent. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Both Jews and Gentiles have become apostate, and only the tribulation judgments will avail to bring about true reforms on the earth.

While on this trip, many important truths were revealed to Mrs. White in clearer outline than before. Many of the statements she made were in reality prophecies, some of which have already been fulfilled, and others are in process of fulfilment. For instance, on page 157, she wrote, in 1911, "The Turkish government in Palestine is like an old shoe ready to fall off; and every one wants to see it go. God is hearing the cry of the people; and deliverance is nearer than many suppose."

On page 113 is this statement: "I saw that God is going to use the British in the libera-

tion of Israel from Gentile power, and is it not reasonable that He should use them in wresting the land from the Turks, since He has given them the supremacy of the sea? Whereever the Union Jack floats, it means protection and liberty." It was about six years after this prophecy when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the British.

On page 80 is this prophecy: "God's judgments will fall upon the Gentile nations, and the children of Abraham will be delivered and become the conservators of true religion; and it is evident that the time is near." Can any one who believes the Bible doubt that we are already living in the time when God's judgments are in the earth?

Another remarkable statement is found on page 171: "The world is ripening for the tribulation judgments; the old ecclesiasticisms will have to suffer the penalty of their sins. They are destined to become the storm center of God's wrath, when rulers and kings are being shaken from their thrones, preparatory to Christ's rulership of the world." The reader will recall that many churches, and other edifices used by religious societies, were entirely destroyed during the great war, while scores

of rulers were literally shaken from their thrones.

I shall never forget the experience that Mrs. White had on the ship when we were nearing Jaffa (ancient Joppa). She told us at that time that the Lord revealed to her that this city, which was where Peter had his vision of the sheet containing unclean animals, which represent the Gentile nations, and was for the purpose of showing him that they had been admitted to the privileges of the Gospel, would be one of the chief seaports of the world, and that Gentiles and others would come here from the ends of the earth on their way to Jerusalem to worship the Lord of lords and King of kings.

The triumphal entry made by Jesus into Jerusalem affords only a faint glimpse of the glorious experiences in the future when multitudes will again praise Him in the Holy City. Jews and Gentiles will join in marvelous demonstrations of rejoicing and thanksgiving to the triumphant Redeemer,—the long looked-for Messiah. May God hasten the day!

In our visit to Jerusalem, the sight that impressed me most was the debris everywhere to be found. Broken-down walls, heaps of rub-

bish, and old buildings were on every hand. There were some new structures, of course, especially in one or two of the suburbs, but the sight of the city as a whole brought vividly to mind the fact that it had been razed to the ground in the past. The heaps of debris are typical of the spiritual condition of Israel: for their walls of Salvation have long since crumbled into ruins. Their present outlook is most distressing, and their only hope is in the prophecies of the Scriptures, which teach that a remnant will be regathered to their own land, and that those who pierced their Messiah will recognize Him, weeping and wailing, confessing their sins, with many finding pardon. (See Rev. 1:7, Zech. 13:9, etc.) They will then scatter to the ends of the earth as witnesses for their newly-found Redeemer, telling the glorious news of salvation, holding revivals everywhere.

At this writing (Oct. 8, 1919), the Jewish people have just celebrated their New Year's Day, and also their Yom Kippur, or Day of Atonement. This latter day has unusual significance this year, since it is the first one after the cessation of European hostilities, and also because it fell on their Sabbath. It is

said to be the saddest in all their history. European Jewry is literally perishing. Famine, pestilence, and murder are rapidly destroying the race, until it is only too evident that if relief and succor do not come speedily, only a small remnant will remain in existence.

There is no hope, so long as the Jew is out of divine order,—he must return to Palestine. And for the remnant that does return and yields to the Messiah, there is a glorious future. Isaiah 60, 61, and other passages, show clearly that a good time is coming for Israel. "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

"For your shame ye shall have double; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion (Israel is in terrible confusion at this time): therefore IN THEIR LAND they shall possess the double: EVERLASTING JOY SHALL BE UNTO THEM."

Jerusalem will be rebuilt and beautified and become a model city. A brilliant plan to make ancient Jerusalem the most attractive and prosperous city in the world is already in process of execution. Under this scheme, the incomparable features of the ancient city will

be preserved absolutely intact, while around it will be built a thoroughly modern city of the American type, with sky-scrapers, trolley cars, modern hotels, drainage, water supply, factories, etc. * * It need hardly be said that the rebuilding of Jerusalem is a work of unparalled interest to the whole civilized world. The time is soon coming when its inhabitants will worship God in spirit and in truth, forsaking all idolatry and mammon worship, which are now so prevalent.

Let us pray for the peace of Jerusalem, not simply that we ourselves may prosper (Ps. 122:6), but for the sake of Israel, who is now a bleeding, homeless wanderer, with scarcely a friend on the face of the earth; and for the sake of Christ's coming kingdom, which awaits the return of the "prodigal." Let us give God "no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

A. L. WOLFRAM.

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